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PROFESSOR NICHOL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

WE propose a short series of criticisms upon the more prominent popular lecturers of the day—a class of persons who are rapidly rising into consequence, who are already exerting very considerable influence on society, and whose merits deserve to be canvassed somewhere else, and with somewhat more care, than in the columns of a newspaper.

This, indeed, is the age of public lecturing, and we might spend a long time in discussing its *pros* and *cons*, its advantages, and its evils. The open and legitimate objects which popular lecturing proposes to itself are chiefly the three following: Instruction, Excitement, and Communication between the higher minds of the age, and those of a lower grade. Now, in reference to its utility as an organ of instruction, much may be said on both sides. In public lecturing, truth is painted to the eye; it is enforced and illustrated by voice, gesture, and action; it stands in the person of the orator, as in an illuminated window. The information thus given, attended by a personal interest, and accompanied by a peculiar emphasis, is more profoundly impressed upon the memory; and many, by the fairy aspect of truth which is presented, are induced to love and learn, who otherwise would have remained indifferent and distant. On the other hand, the quantity of knowledge communicated by lecturing is seldom large; and, as to its quality, lecturers are under strong temptations to dilute it down to the capacities of their audience; and, instead of conducting them from first principles to details, they give them particular facts, and tell them to travel back themselves to leading principles—an advice which they seldom, if ever, follow. Too often the hearers, however strongly urged to the contrary by their instructors, forget to pursue profounder researches, to seek after higher sources; and the close of the six or seven lectures is the close of their studies, and furnishes the complement of their knowledge. Often, too, the class who have least access to books have also least access to lectures; or even when privileged to attend them, find their *special* wants but indifferently supplied.

In the excitement produced by good public lecturing, its advocates find a more plausible argument in its favor. It is an amusement so happy and so innocent; it withdraws so many from the theatre, the card-table, and the tavern; it gives such a stimulus to nascent intellects; it creates around the lecturer such circles and semicircles of shining faces; it rouses in so many breasts the

spark of literary and scientific genius; it commences the manufacture of so many incipient Miltons, no longer mute and inglorious; and of whole generations of young Arkwrights, worthy of their illustrious progenitor. Nay, we would go a little further still, we would “better the instruction.” Its excitement and pleasure do not stop here. The lecture-room promotes a great many matches; it brings young ladies and gentlemen into close and intimate propinquity; it excites active and animated flirtations; it forms, besides, a pleasant interchange to one class with the card-table—to another, an agreeable lounge on the road to the afterpiece, and to a third, a safe and decent half-way house to a quiet social *crack* in a quiet ale-house. It is also a nursery for the numerous sprigs of criticism which abound—faithfully figured by the immortal *Punch*, in those specimens of the rising generation who deem that, as “for that ere Shakspeare, he has been vastly over-rated.” And last, not least, it permits many a comfortable nap to the hard-wrought doctor or *dominie*, or artisan—to whom it matters not whether the lecturer be in the moon, or in the clouds, as they are only, like their instructor, absent and lost.

Joking, however, apart, popular lecturing is undoubtedly a source both of much entertainment and excitement, though we are not sure but that that entertainment is more valued by the luxurious as a variety in their pleasures, than by the middle and lower classes as a necessity in their intellectual life; and although we are sure that an undue portion of that excitement springs from the glare of lights, the presence of ladies, the mere “heat and stare, and pressure,” of which Chalmers complained; and that comparatively little of it can be traced to the art, less to the genius, and least of all to the subject, of the discourses.

As a means of communication between men of science and literature, and the age, it is, we are afraid, what Mr. Horne would call a “False Medium.” You have in it the prophet, shorn, dressed, perhaps scented, perhaps playing miserable monkey-tricks to divert the audience—and not the Moses coming down the Mount, with face shining, but with lips stammering, from that dread communion on the summit; or if the prophet do preserve his integrity, and speak to the souls instead of the eyes and ears of his audience, it is at his proper peril; wild yawnings, slumbers both loud and deep, not to speak of the more polite hints conveyed in the music of slapping doors and rasping floors, are the reward of his fidelity. We are aware, indeed, that a few have been able to overcome such obstacles, and in spite of stern adherence to a high object, to gain general acceptance. But these are the exceptions. Their success,

besides, has greatly resulted from other causes than the truth they uttered. Certain graces of manner—certain striking points in delivery—a certain melody, to which their thoughts were set—created at the first an interest which gradually, as the enthusiasm of the speaker increased, swelled into a brute wonder, which made you fancy the words, "Orpheus no fable," written in a transparency over the speaker's head. But clear, steady vision of truth, true and satisfying pleasure, and any permanent or transforming change, were not given. The audience were lifted up for a season, like an animal caught in a whirlwind, by the sheer power of eloquence; they were not really elevated one distinct step—they came down precisely the same creatures, and to the same point, as before, and the thing would be remembered by them afterwards as a dream.

Minds, again, somewhat inferior to the prophetic order, find a far freer and more useful passage to the public ear and intellect, and succeed in giving not only a vague emotion of delight, but some solid knowledge, and some lasting result. Such a mind is that of our admirable friend, Professor Nichol; and even at the apparent risk of indelicacy, we propose to analyze its constituent qualities, as well as the special causes of his great success as a lecturer. May this article greet his eyes, and cheer his heart somewhere in that great land of strangers, where he is at present sojourning, (would he could read it under the shadow of the Andes!) and convince him that his friends in Scotland have not forgotten him, and are, in the absence of himself, either drawing, or looking at, his picture!

The first time we heard of Professor Nichol was on the publication of his "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens," and the first thing that struck us about the production was the felicity and boldness of its title. The words "Architecture of the Heavens" suggested, first, the thought that the heavens were the building of a distinct divine architect; secondly, that the building was still in progress; and, thirdly, that from even this low and distant platform we are permitted glimpses of its gradual growth toward perfection. The essence, in fact, of the nebular hypothesis was contained in the title; and although that hypothesis is now commonly thought exploded, it is only so far as the visible evidence is concerned—as a probable and beautiful explanation of phenomena, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of immeasurable antiquity, it retains its value. But how suggestive to us at the time was the expression, "Architecture of the Heavens!" Formerly we deemed that when man awaked into existence, the building, indeed, was there in all its magnitude, but that the scaffolding was down—all trace and vestige of the operation elaborately removed—and that the Almighty architect had withdrawn and hid himself. But now we had come upon the warm footprints of omnipotence—the power was only a few steps in advance; nay, thrilling thought! we had only to lift our telescopes to behold him actually at work up there, in the mid-

night sky. The telescope enabled us to stand behind the processes of the Eternal—it was a wing by which we overtook the great retreat of the Deity, if indeed a retreat it was, and not rather a perpetual progress—a triumphal march onwards into the infinite dark. It brought us ever new, electric, telegraphic tidings of Him whose goings forth were of *old*—from everlasting—and which were *new* to everlasting as well. Such were the dim, yet high suggestions of the nebular hypothesis. If we relinquished them recently with a sigh, we now sigh no more; for now we have been taught, in a manner most impressive, the immense *age* of the universe, whose orbs seem hoary in their splendor, and have thus found a new measure for computing our knowledge, or rather for more accurately estimating our ignorance, of the days, of the years, of the right hand of Him that is the Most High. How long, we now exclaim, it must be since the Great Artist put his finishing touch to that serene gallery of paintings we call the stars, and yet how perfect and how godlike their execution; since their lustre, their beauty, and their holy calm are this night as fresh and unfaded as at the beginning! And how solemn the thought, if these works, in the hiding of their Creator, be so magnificent, how great must himself be, and how great must he have been, especially as he travailed in birth with such an offspring, amid the jubilant shouts of all awakening intelligence!

It is very common to skip the preface in order to get at the book. In this case, we skipped the book to get at the pictures. We read, nay, devoured, the plates—the poems shall we call them—ere we read a word of the letterpress. And most marvellous to us was their revelation of those starry sprinklings, relieved against the dark background—those wild capricious shapes, which reminded you of rearing steeds under the control of perfect riders—seeming at once to spurn and to be subject to immutable laws—those unbanked rivers of glory flowing through the universe—why, we seemed standing on a Pisgah, commanding the prospect of immensity itself. But still more striking to overlook, as we then imagined, the laboratory of God, and to see his work in every stage of its progress—the six demiurgic days presented to us contemporaneously and at once. No wonder that such plates enchanted us, and that we seemed gazing on rough copies from the paintings of the divine hand itself. What a triumph, too, to mind over matter, and to a poor sun-illuminated worn, over his haughty torch—to be able, *with a pinpoint*, to indicate, and, if necessary, to hide his place in the firmament! It was, indeed, an hour much deserving of memory. The folding-doors of the universe seemed to open upon us in musical thunder; and if we could not, as yet, enter, yet we could wish, like Mirza, for the wings of a great eagle to fly away within them. It was one of those apocalyptic moments that occur, or that can occur so seldom in life, for it is not every day that we can see, for the first time, in the expanded

page of immensity, the charter of our soul's freedom, and feel ourselves "enlarged" to the extent of the length and breadth, the depth and the height of the creation.

Returning from a reverie, in which we saw our sun and his thousand neighbor stars quenched like a taper, in the blaze of that higher noon, we found ourselves in earth again, and remembered that we had yet to read Dr. Nichol's book. And it is the highest compliment we can pay it, to say that it did not dissipate or detract from the impressions which the eloquent pictures had produced, and that it gave them a yet clearer and more definite form. It bridged in the foaming torrent of our enthusiasm. It translated (as Virgil does Homer) the stern and literal grandeurs of night into a mild and less dazzling version. We liked, in the first place, its form. It consisted of letters, and of letters to a lady. This held out a prospect of ease, familiarity, clearness, and grace. Most expounders, hitherto, of astronomical truth, had been either too stilted in their style, or too scientific in their substance. But here was a graceful conversation, such as an accomplished philosopher might carry on with an intelligent female, under the twilight canopy, or in the window recess, as the moon was rising. It in no way transcended female comprehension, or if it did, it was only to slide into one of those beautiful, bewitching mists, which the imagination of women so much loves. There were, too, a warmth and a heartiness about the style and manner, which distinguished the book favorably from the majority of scientific treatises. These, generally, are cold and dry. Trusting, it would seem, to the intrinsic grandeur of the subject, they convey their impressions of it in a didactic and feeble style, and catalogue stars as indifferently as they would the withered leaves of the forest. Nichol, on the contrary, seems to point to them, not with a cold rod, but with a waving torch. He never "doubts that the stars are fire"—no immeasurable icebergs they, floating in frozen air, but glowing, burning, almost living orbs; and his words glow, burn, and nearly start from the page in unison. We will not deny that this heat and enthusiasm sometimes betray him into *splendida vitia*—into rhetorical exaggerations—into passages which sound hollow, whether they are so or not—and worse, into dim and vague obscurities, copied too closely from his own nebula, where you have misty glimmer, instead of clear, solid land; but his faults are of a kind which it is far more easy to avoid than to reach, which no sordid or commonplace mind, however accomplished, durst commit; and the spirit which animates his most tasteless combinations of sound, and peeps through his swelling intricacies of sentence, is always beautiful and sincere. Beyond most writers, too, on this theme, he has the power of giving, even to the uninitiated, a clear and memorable idea of his subject—the truths of Astronomy he paints upon the eye and soul of the reader. And this he is enabled to do—first, because he has a clear vision himself, which his enthusiasm

is seldom permitted to dull or to distort; and, secondly, because he seeks—labors—is not satisfied till he has transferred this entire to the minds of his readers and of his auditors. Thus far of the mere manner of his writing. In considering its spirit, we shall find metal more attractive. That is distinguished by its sincere enthusiasm, its joyous hope, and by its religious reverence.

What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the innumerable and ever-burning stars—the first objects which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and uplift their tiny hands to pluck them down, as playthings—the beloved of solitary shepherds, who, lying on the hillside, try to count them in their multitudes, call them by names of their own, love those "watchers and holy ones," as if they were companions and friends, and sometimes exclaim, with the great shepherd king of Israel, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man!"—the beloved of the mariner, who, pacing his midnight deck, turns often aloft his eye to those starry sparklers, shining on him through the shrouds, or—

Mirrored in the ocean vast—
A thousand fathoms down—

the loved of the wakeful, especially of those who are awake through sorrow, who, as they see them trembling through the lattice, feel, or fancy, that they are sympathizing with their agonies, and would, if they could, send down a message from their far thrones that might wipe away their tears—the loved of the astronomer, who, a friendly spy, watches their every motion, and through the tube of his telescope distils into himself the essence of their beauty, their meaning, and their story—the loved of the poet's soul, who snatches many a live coal of inspiration from their flaming altars—the loved of the Christian, who sees in them the reflection of his Father's glory, the mile-stones on the path of his Redeemer's departure, and of his return—the loved of all who have eyes to see, understandings to comprehend, and souls to feel their grandeur so unspeakable, their silence so profound, their separation from each other, and from us so entire, their multitude so immense, their lustre so brilliant, their forms so singular, their order so regular, their motions so dignified, so rapid, and so calm. "If," says Emerson, "the stars were to appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had thus been shown. But night after night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

It is singular, that while the theory of the stars has been perpetually changing, the conception of their sublime character has, under every theory, remained nearly the same. While they were believed to be, as in the darker ages, absolutely divine, incorruptible, and perfect in their essence, they were not regarded with more enthusiasm, al

lude to with more frequency, or landed with more eloquence, than now, when we know that imperfection, and inequality, decay, and destruction, snow, and perhaps sin, have found their way thither, as well as here; and Dante, amid his innumerable descriptions of the heavenly bodies—and no poet has so many—has said nothing finer in their praise than we find in some of the bursts of Bayly. If science has, with rude hand, torn off from the stars that false lustre of supernaturalism which they bore so long, it has immeasurably multiplied their numbers, unlocked their secrets, at once brought them nearer and thrown them further off, and supplied the glitter of superstition by the severe light of law. If they seem no longer the thrones of angels, they are at least porch-lamps in the temple of Almighty God. If no longer the regents of human destiny, they are the Urim and Thummim upon the breast of the Ancient of Days. If not now regarded as a part of the highest heaven, they at least light the way that leadeth to honor, glory, and immortality. From sparks they have broadened into suns; from thousands they have multiplied into millions. It is ever thus with the progress of genuine truth. Remorselessly, as it rushes on, it scatters a thousand beautiful dreams, slumbering like morning dew-drops among the branches of the wood, but from the path of its progress there rises, more slowly, a stern, but true and lasting glory, before which, in due time, the former, "shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind."

A collection of all the descriptions of the stars, in the poetry and prose of every age, would constitute itself a galaxy. It would include Homer's wondrous one-lined allusions to them—so rapid and so strong, as they shone over Ida, or kept still-watch above the solitary Ulysses in his sea-wanderings—the crown they wove over the bare head of the sleepless Prometheus—the glances of power and sympathy which they shed in, through rents in the night of the Grecian tragedies—the ornate and labored pictures of Virgil and Lucretius—the thick imagery they supply to the Scripture bards—their perpetual intermingling with the *Divina Comedia*, darting down through crevices in the descending circles of damnation, circling the mount of purgatory, and paving the way to the vision of essential Deity—Shakspeare's less frequent but equally beautiful touches—Milton's plaintive, yet serene references to their set glories—Young's bursts of wonder, almost of longing and desire, for those nearer neighbors to the eternal throne, which appeared to him to see so far and to know so much—Byron's wild and angry lashing at them, like a sea, seeking to rise, and reach and quench them, on a thousand shipwrecks—Wordsworth's love to them, for loving and resting on his favorite mountains—Bayly's hymnings of devotion—Chalmers' long-linked swells of pious enthusiasm—and last, not least, our author's raptures, more measured, more artistic, but equally sincere.

There occurs a passage in one of Byron's letters, written in Venice, where he describes himself,

after a debauch, looking out at the night, when he exclaims, "What nothings we are before these stars!" and adds, that he *never sufficiently felt their greatness*, till he looked at them through Herschel's telescope, and *saw that they were worlds*. We rather wonder at this, for we have always thought, that, to a highly imaginative mind, it mattered little whether it looked to the stars through the eye or the telescope. Who does not see and feel that they are worlds, if he has a heart and an imagination, as well as an eye? Who cares for the size of algebraic symbols? A star, at largest, is but a symbol, and the smaller it seems, the more scope it leaves for imagination. The telescope tends rather to crush and overwhelm than to stimulate—to fill than to fire—some souls. It necessarily, too, deprives the seeing of the stars, so far as they are regarded individually, of many of its finest accessories. The mountain which the star seems to touch—the tree through which it trembles—the soft evening air on which it seems silently to feed—the quick contrasts between it and its neighboring orbs—its part as one of a constellated family—such poetical aspects of it are all lost, and the glare of illumination falls upon one vast unit, insulated at once from earth, and from the other parts of heaven. It is as though we should apply a magnifying glass to a single face in a group of painted figures, thereby enlarging one object at the expense of the others, which are not diminished but blotted out. While, of course, acknowledging the mighty powers and uses of the telescope, and confessing, that from no *dream* did we ever more reluctantly awake, than from one which lately transported us to Parsonstown, and showed us the nebula in Orion just dropping to pieces, like a bright dissolving cloud, yet we venture to assert that many derive as much pleasure and excitement from the crescent moon still as in Shakspeare's time, a silver bow new bent in heaven—from round, shivering Venus in the green west—from the star of Jove suspended high over head, like the apparent king of the sky—and from those glorious jewels, hanging like two pendants, of equal weight and brilliance, from the ear of night, Orion and the Great Bear, as they could from any revelation of the telescope. This very night we saw what probably impressed our imagination as much as a glimpse of the Russian glories would have done. The night has been dark and drifting till a few minutes ago. We went out to the door of our dwelling, looking for nothing but darkness, when suddenly, as if flashing out through and from the gloom, and meeting us like a gigantic ghost at our very threshold, we were aware of the presence of *Orion*, and involuntarily shuddered at the sight.

All astronomers of high name have been led at first to their science by the workings of an enthusiasm, as strong as passion and as high as poetry. We cannot doubt that Newton was from his boyhood fascinated by the beauty of the heavenly bodies, and that his wistful boyish glances at their serene splendor and mystic dance formed the germs

of his future discoveries. To some *Woolsthorpe* reverie of twilight we may trace the fall of the keys of the universe at the feet of his matured manhood! Surely a loftier principle was stirring in him than that which renders the juvenile mechanician uneasy till he has analyzed the construction of a toy. It was not, in the first instance, the mathematical puzzles connected with them that attracted him to those remote regions, but it was their remoteness, magnitude, and mystery, which roused him to grapple with their secrets. Ordinary children love to see, and would like to join, the march of soldiers, as they step stately by. The boy Newton burned to accompany, as an intelligent witness and companion, the steps of planets and suns. This enthusiasm never altogether subsided, as many well-known anecdotes prove. But too soon it ceased to express itself otherwise than by silent study and wonder; it retired deep into the centre of his being, and men, astonished at the lack-lustre look with which the eye of the sage was contemplating the stars, knew not that his spirit was the while gazing at them as with the insatiate glance of an eagle. Thus frequently has it been with astronomers. Their ardor diving beyond human sight or sympathy has failed to attract the minds of others, and by coating itself in the ice of cold formulae and petrified words, has repelled many a poetical enthusiast, whose imagination was not his only faculty. We look on Professor Nichol as an accomplished mediator between the two classes of mind, or, as we have formerly called him, an Aaron to many an ineloquent Moses of astronomy.

How he has preserved his child-like love for his subject-matter we do not know, but certainly we always feel, when reading him, that we are following the track of suns, burning and beneficent as footsteps of God, and not of "cinders of the element," whirled round in a mere mechanical motion, and chiefly valuable as lively and cheap illustrations of Euclid's elements! It is said that he has sacrificed powers of original discovery to popular effect; but what if this popular effect, in which so many are now participating, should be to rouse the slumbering energies of mightier geniuses, and give us a few Newtons, instead of one fully developed Nichol!

"Ha! I think there be six Richmonds in the field."

We like next to, and akin to this, in Professor Nichol, his spirit of hope and joy. This, we think, ought to be, but is not always, the result of starry contemplations. Our readers all remember Carlyle's celebrated exclamation, "Ah, it's a sad sight," as he looked up to a sparkling January sky. Whether we join with him in this, or with Emerson in expressions of jubilant praise, may depend partly upon our state of feeling. In certain moods the stars will appear hearths, in others hells. The moon is bayed at, not by dogs alone. The evening star awakens the gloomy hour of the misanthrope, and shines the signal to the murderer, as well as lights the lover to his assignation with

his mistress, and the poet to his meeting with the muse. It seems now, besides, evident to most, that the universe being made of one material, struggle, uncertainty, woe, and the other evils to which finitude is heir, are, in all probability, extended to its remotest limits, and that thus the stars are no islands of the blest, but, like our own world, stern arenas of contest, of defeat or of victory. Still there are many reasons why the heavenly bodies should be a permanent spring of cheering if pensive thought. There is, first, their unfathomable beauty. Is it nothing to the happiness of man that God has suspended over his head this book of divine pictures, talking to him in their own low but mighty speech, spotting his nights with splendor, and filling his soul with an inspiring influence which no earthly object can communicate! Doubts and difficulties may occupy part of the intervening time, but the first and the last feeling of humanity is, "Thanks, endless and boundless, to Heaven for the stars." Secondly, they give us a sense of liberty which no other external cause can do, and which must enhance the happiness of man. This was one great good of the discovery of America. It did not, when found, fulfil the dreams of navigators; it was not a cluster of fortunate isles, filled with happy spirits—the worst passions of man were found among the most beautiful scenery in the world; but its discovery shivered the fetters of usage and prejudice, burst the old *maniamundi*; and man, the one-eyed giant, found himself grouping and pawing, to say the least, in a wider dungeon, and breathing a freer air. But the modern astronomy has broken down stronger walls, and made man, in a sense, free of the universe. What though he has good reason to believe that these many mansions of his Father's house are not, as yet, peopled with the perfect and the happy. To him height and depth have unbared many of their secret marvels, new provinces, pointing to innumerable others behind—have expanded in the Kingdom of the Infinite—every limit and barrier have fled away, and the surprised prisoner feels his spirit at large, unbounded in a boundless universe. Surely the telescope, in infusing into the mind such a sense of freedom, has been a benefactor to the heart of man, who may exclaim to it, in the language of the sword song, "Joy-giver, I kiss thee." But, thirdly, the stars diffuse happiness through the thoughtful mind, as revealing a whole, so vast, that all our partial and gloomy views of it are straightway stamped with imperfection and imbecility. How little and idle our most plausible theories look under the weight of that beaming canopy! Imagine the shellfish, amidst its sludge, dreaming of the constitution of that world of waters which rolls above! So insignificant appears a Locke, a Kant, or a Spinoza, exalted each some five or six feet above his grave, and theorizing so dogmatically on the principles of the starry ocean. We seem to see the mighty mother bending down, listening to each tiny but pompous voice, smilingly measuring the size of the sage, and saying, in the

irony of the gods, "And is this really thy opinion, my little hero, and hast thou, within that pretty new thimble of thine, actually condensed the sea of truth? *Perge Puer.*" Thus the midnight sky teaches us at once the greatness and the littleness of man—his greatness by comparison with his past-self—his littleness by comparison with the expanse of the universe, and with his future being; and by both lessons it summons us to joy; because from the one we are obviously advancing upwards, and because from the other our doubts are seen to be as little as our resolution of them; our darkness yet pettier than our light. Why, to one, who could from a high point of view overlook the general scheme of things, the darkest and broadest shadow that ever crossed the mind of man—that ever made him dig for death, or leap howling into perdition—may appear no larger than one dim speck upon a mountain of diamond.

We stand up, therefore, with Leigh Hunt and Emerson *versus* Carlyle and Foster, for the old name—the happy stars; and Professor Nichol will come in and complete the majority. Without specially, or at large, arguing the question, he takes it for granted, and sees human immortality and infinite progress legibly inscribed on the sky. The words "onwards" and "to come" are to him the rung changes of the sphere-music, and fearlessly, and as in dance, he follows them into the hoary deep.

We admire, still more, Professor Nichol's spirit of reverence. Religion as a human feeling is so natural a deduction from the spectacles of night, that we sometimes fancy, that did man live *constantly* in a sunless world, and under a starry canopy, he would be a wiser and holier, if a sadder being. One cause, we imagine, why people in the country are more *serious* than the same class in towns, is, that they are brought more frequently, with less interruption, and often alone, into contact with the night sky, which falls sometimes on the solitary head heavy as a mantle with studs of gold. "An undevout astronomer," says Young, "is mad." Nor will the case of La Place disprove this poetic adage—if we understand him to mean, by devotion, that general sense of the infinite in the imagination which passes as worship into the heart, and comes out as praise upon the lips. La Place was a worshipper—and that not merely, as Isaac Taylor intimates, of a law which had frozen into a vast icy idol, but of the warm creation as it shone around him. Still, his worship did not reach the measure, or deserve the name of piety; it was the worship of an effect, not of its living, personal, and father-like cause. Nichol, on the other hand, never loses sight of the universe as an instant, ever-rushing emanation of the Deity. "God," he says, quoting a friend of kindred spirit, "literally creates the universe every moment." He is led by Bosovich's theory of atoms to suppose an infinite will, producing incessantly all force and motion. And thus the beauty of things seems to him, as it were, an immediate flush upon the cheek of the Maker, and their light a lustre in his eye,

and their motion the circulation of his untiring energies; and yet, withal, the works are never lost in the conception of their Creator, nor the Creator pantheistically identified with the works. The mighty picture, and its mightier back-ground and source, are inseparably connected, but are never confused.

He takes up, in short, precisely the view and the attitude of the ancient Hebrew prophets, in regard to the external universe. To them, that is just a bright or black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct, from him. That cloud on the mountain is his covering; that muttering from the chambers of the thunder is his voice; that sound on the top of the mulberry-trees is his "going;" that wind bending the forest or curling the clouds is himself in his morning or his evening walk; that sun is his still commanding eye; that fire is the breath of his inflamed nostrils. In all the sounds of nature he is speaking—in all its silence he is listening. "Whither can they go from his spirit! whither can they flee from his presence!" At every step, and in every circumstance, they feel themselves God-inclosed. God-filled, God-breathing men, with a spiritual presence lowering or smiling on them from the sky, sounding in wild tempest, or creeping in panic stillness across the surface of the earth; and if they turn within, lo! it is there also—an eye hung in the central darkness of their own heart. This sublime consciousness a cold science had in a great measure extinguished. Deity, for a season, was banished from the feeling of men; but we are mistaken if a higher and better philosophy have not brought *him* back!—brought back the sun to the earth, in bringing back sight to the blind! Say, rather, a better philosophy, of which our author is not the least eloquent expounder, is bringing back *man* to a perception of the overhanging Deity.

On the relations which connect astronomy with revealed religion, Professor Nichol, though not silent, is somewhat less explicit than we could have wished. In the absence of the powerful light which he could have cast upon this topic, we must permit ourselves a few cursory remarks, constituting an outline, which may or may not afterwards be filled up. The Christian Scriptures were, of course, never intended to teach astronomy, any more than to teach botany, or zoology, or conchology, or any other ology, but theology; their main object is to bear a message of mercy to a fallen race, and their allusions to other subjects are necessarily incidental, brief, glancing for a moment to a passing topic, and then rapidly returning to the main and master theme. It follows, therefore, that if we look in them for a systematic statement of truth on any secular subject, we may look long, and look in vain. Nay, we need not have been surprised, although they had in every point coincided with floating popular notions of physical subjects, provided they did not fail, by their wonted divine alchemy, to deduce from them eternal lessons of moral truth and wisdom. But as "all things are known to the soul"—as even

the mind of genius, in its higher hour, has rare glimpses of subjects lying round about, as well as within, the sphere of its thought—so, much more we might have expected that the divinely inspired soul should have hints and intimations, occasional and imperfect, of other fields besides its own. Working in ecstasy, was the prophetic mind never to overleap its barriers? We affirm, and, did space and time permit, could, we think, prove the following propositions:—1st, We find in the Scripture writers not only a feeling of the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, but a sense, obscure indeed, but distinct, of their vast magnitude; 2dly, No real contradiction to the leading principles of the modern astronomy; 3dly, One or two hints, that, whether by revelation or otherwise, the true scheme of the universe was understood by more than one of their number; 4thly, The recognition, especially, of the principle of a plurality of worlds; and, 5thly, The recognition of the operation of decay, change, convulsion, and conflagration, among the stars. “He hangeth,” says Job, “the earth upon nothing.” What a clear and noble gleam of astronomical insight was this in that dark age! In the deep wilderness of Edom did this truth, the germ of the Copernican hypothesis, flash upon the soul of the lonely herdsman, as he turned up his eye to a heaven of far more brilliance than ours, through whose serene and transparent air night looked down in all her queen-like majesty—all her great orbs unveiled—here the Pleiades, and there the bands of Orion—here Arcturus and his sons, and there “Canopus shining down with his wild, blue, spiritual brightness”—the south blazing through all her chambers as with solid gold—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white and red and purple stars! There wandering the inspired herdsman, and seeing that those orbs, which his heart told him were worlds, were suspended and balanced in the mere void, his mind leaped to the daring conclusion, that so, too, was the firm earth beneath his feet; and with like enthusiasm to that of Archimedes, when he cried “*Eureka! eureka!*” did he exclaim, “He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretcheth out the north over the empty place.”

In like manner, striking is the relation between some admitted facts of astronomy, and some recent speculations in metaphysics, and those remarkable declarations of Scripture concerning the non-permanence of this material framework. We will not soon forget a little circumstance of curious coincidence which occurred in our own experience, in reference to this subject. We had returned from hearing, in Dundee, a lecture by a brilliant friend, in which, in his own inimitable way, and as a deduction from his own daring theory, he had described the dissolution of the universe. At family prayers that very evening, in the course of our ordinary reading, occurred the third chapter of Peter, prophesying the same event. We were all, particularly the lecturer himself, struck with it. It seemed a sublime commentary from the written word upon the lesson we had heard read

us from the stars. So far from looking on it as a mere chance coincidence, we all appeared to hear in it God's own whisper—that we had not been hearing or believing a lie.

We are aware that the magnitude and multitude of the stars have furnished a theme of objection to the sceptic, and have elsewhere attempted to show, that Dr. Chalmers has not fully or satisfactorily answered that objection. His “*Sermons on the Modern Astronomy*”—certainly of this century the most brilliant contribution to the oratory of religion—are not distinguished by his usual originality and force of argument. They repel assumptions by assumptions; and, in the exuberant tide of eloquence, the sophism in question is lost sight of, but not drowned. The objection of the sceptic was—Would the Proprietor of a universe so vast have given his Son to die for a world so small! and, perhaps, the best reply might be condensed in three questions asked in return to the infidel's one. 1st, What is material magnitude compared to mind? 2dly, Can you *prove* that the vast magnitude on which you found your objection is peopled by moral beings? and, 3dly, What has magnitude to do with a moral question? What, for instance, has the size of a city to do with the moral character of its inhabitants? What has the extent of a country to do with the intellectual or moral interest which may or may not be connected with its plains? Whether is Ben Mac Dhui or Bannockburn the dearer to the Scottish heart? though the one be the prince of Scottish hills, and the other only a poor plain, undistinguished save by a humble stone, and by the immortal memories of patriotism and courage which gather around that field, where “those who had wi' Wallace bled” bade “welcome to their gory bed, or to victory!” Whether is more glorious the gay city of Madrid, or the lonely cape of Trafalgar, where the guns of Nelson, from their iron lips, spake destruction to the united fleets of France and Spain, and where, in the embrace of victory, expired the hero whose premature grave was covered with laurels, and watered by his country's tears? Whether is Mont Blanc or Morgarten the nobler object? though the one be the

“Monarch of mountains—
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow”—

and the other only a humble field where the Swiss baffled their Austrian oppressors, and where “first in the shock with Xuri's spear was the arm of William Tell!” Whether is more beloved by the Christian's heart, Caucasus or Calvary? and yet the one is the loftiest of Asia's mountains, and the other a little hill—a mere dot upon the surface of the globe. So, may there not issue from this remote earth of ours—from the noble deeds it has witnessed—from the nobler aspirations which have been breathed up upon it—from the high thoughts which have been thought upon its surface—from the eloquent words which have stirred its air into music—from the poets who have wrought its

language into undying song—from the philosophers who have explored the secrets of its laws—from the men of God who have knelt in its temples—from the angels who have touched its mountains—from the footsteps of Incarnate Deity, which have imprinted its plains—a flood of glory, before which the lustre of suns, constellations, and firmaments, must pale, tremble and melt away.

Another consideration is important and obvious. If the greatness of the creation, and of its God, dwindles, earth and man must dwindle also—every separate section of the universe, and each separate family—for all sections and families, compared to infinity, are less than nothing—and if special circumstances in man's history called for a special interposition in his behalf, surely the urgency of the demand justifies the interference. And as to the question of condescension, the very term involves a false and human conception of God; or if God did condescend to come down to man's condition, it was, in fact, little more than had he condescended to care for, and die for angels—the gulf between both ranks of being and himself being boundless. Besides, if, as many suppose, misery and sin extend throughout the universe, may not the scheme of human redemption be only a part of a general process—as Chalmers says, "May not the redemption of many guilty worlds have been laid on the Redeemer's shoulders?" or, if, on the other hand, ours be the sole world that has fallen, would not this alone account for the importance attached to, and the sacrifices made for it? Just as, let the meanest man in a kingdom commit a high crime, his insignificance is forgotten—he rises instantly into importance—he is summoned to solemn trial, and on his trial the interest and eyes of an entire nation are suspended; or let, the tiniest hill in a country, so tiny that it was not thought worth while to give it a name, but break out into a volcano, and that fire will become to it as a crown—men will flock from every quarter to see it—it will become the principal feature—the terrible tongue of the region—and the old snow-clad mountains will appear diminished in its presence. So, (*this* view Dr. Chalmers has admirably amplified, but has not sought to prove the *premise* on which it would require to be founded,) if we should call earth the only blot on the fair page of God's universe, we can thus account why angels have rested on its summits—the voice of God been heard in its groves—and the Son of God, for thirty-three years, ate its bread, walked on its surface, and at last died for its sins.

But, in seeking partially to fill up Dr. Nichol's blanks, let us not forget his redundant merits—the genial glow of his spirit—the rich, yet nice exuberance of his language—his tremulous and prolonged sympathy with every note of his theme—the clear telescopic light he casts on what is dark—the fine chiaroscuro in which he often bathes what is clear—the choice flowers of poesy, which he culls and wreaths around the drier and barer corners of his discourse—and the rich stream of pious feeling which rises irresistibly from each of

his closes, as from a censer of incense. Such qualities we find not only in his first work, but even more finely displayed, we think, in his book on the "Solar System." "We would indite," says Charles Lamb, "something on the solar system. Betty, bring the candles." How the gentle Elia fared in this candle-light excursion he does not inform us. But we believe that his grave intentions, as he soared aloft, were speedily disturbed: the only question he asked at the Moon was, if it *were* made of green cheese; to the "red-haired race of Mars" he recommended the use of wigs; the wet sheet under which he found Jupiter lying, suggested pensive, yet pleasing recollections of Coleridge, and the "Cat and Bagpipes;" Saturn he seized by the hoary beard, threw at him a copy of Keat's "Hyperion," and advised him to pawn his ring for a little firewood; Astrea reminded him of an asterisk on the last page of a bad novel; Uranus he voted a rogue, on account of his many aliases; Neptune he reviled as an absentee from the Irish and other channels; and when he neared the *fixed* stars, the thought of their being in *motion* threw him into a fit of laughter, which precipitated him back to Fleet street! In the absence of authentic details concerning this expedition, we have willingly accepted Dr. Nichol's more scientific guidance. We have stood with him on the shining summits of the Moon, looked around on the glazed desolation—gone down into the dreader than Domdaniel caverns, and coming up, asked at the huge overhanging Earth, and the stripped stony Sun, the unanswered question—Is this a chaos or a ruin? We have climbed the tall cliffs of Venus—been motes in Mercury, itself a mote in the near blaze of the Sun—pressed our foot-prints in the snows of Mars—swam across the star of Jove, so beautiful and large—paused, and wished to pause forever, under the divine evenings of Saturn, wishing his ring that of eternity; saluted, from Herschel, the Sun, as the "Star of Day," far, faint, diminished, dis-crowned—and from Neptune, as from a promontory, have looked out into the empire of a night like day, while behind us lay a day like night. A winged painter, with bold pinion, and bolder pencil, did he lead us from world to world, and his wing seemed to get stronger, and his vision clearer, and his colors more vivid, the dimmer the region, and the further the flight.

If we have, in speaking at such length of Dr. Nichol, as a writer, left ourselves less room to descant on his merits as a lecturer, our reason is, in both characters he is substantially the same. His writings are just undelivered lectures—his lectures are just spoken books. There are some in whom speaking develops new powers, and who are more at home behind the desk of the lecture-room, than behind that of the study. There are others in whom speaking discovers new deficiencies, and who, from want of practice, or diffidence, or contempt for their audience, lecture below their general powers. Professor Nichol belongs to neither of those classes. Both in the study and the lecture-room, he is the same clear expounder

vid describer, and tempered enthusiast. His manner, without detracting ought from, adds little or nothing to, the impression of his thought or style, of which it is simply the medium. Its principal quality is ease—an ease not materially impaired by a certain hesitation. Hesitation, we need scarcely say, has often a great charm. How fine sometimes it is accompanying the prattle of a beautiful child! And we know some popular divines who have stammered themselves into pulpit celebrity, proving that a fault dextrously managed is worth two merits left in a state of nature. Dr. Nichol's hesitation is not great, is confined to his extempore speech, and seems rather to spring from an excess than a deficiency of matter or words. Every little while, too, he resorts to his notes, and reads his pet passages with much gusto and effect. We must say, however, that we prefer him when carrying on his conversations—so lively, explicit, and entertaining—with his hearers.

In this combined character of lecturer and popular writer, Dr. Nichol has done more than any man living to uncase science from its mummy confinements, and to make it walk abroad as a free and living thing. And though he should never accomplish much in the walks of positive discovery, nor even build up any solid systematic treatise of scientific exposition, he shall not have labored in vain, nor spent his strength for nought. He has, in his various works and progresses through the country, scattered the profuse seeds of what shall yet be an abundant harvest of astronomical enlightenment and enthusiasm. We have been amazed and delighted to witness the impression he contrives to make upon the humblest minds, by the joint effect of his subject—his gorgeous style—his gigantic diagrams, and the enthusiasm which speaks through his pallid visage and large grey eyes; and how many “ready-made astronomers” he leaves behind him wherever he goes.

At the commencement of this century the popular literature of astronomy was in no very palmy condition. Fontenelle, indeed, had defended, with much acuteness and elegance, the doctrine of a “plurality of worlds.” Addison, like a “child-angel,” had prattled a wondrous prattle about the stars, in some of his Saturday Spectators. But the real text-book of popular prose instruction on this subject was “Hervey's Meditations”—a book written by a good man, but feeble writer, and chiefly distinguished by its inane glitter. But now, not to speak of Dr. Dick, whose lucid and widely-read books have done so much to popularize the theme, the genius of Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, and others, has made up for the indifference of ages. Still, Nichol is the *prose* laureate of the stars. From his writings ascends hitherto the richest tribute of mingled intelligence of their laws—love for their beauty—admiration of their still strong order—hope in the prospects of mankind, as reflected in their mirror—and sense, ever profound and near, of that unseen Power who counts their

numbers, sustains their motions, and makes their thousand eyes the organs and the symbols of his omniscience.

In some of the professor's recent works, such as his “Observations on the System of the World,” and his Preface to Willm's Education, we have been a little annoyed at the quantity of careless writing they contain—at once loose, obscure, and incorrect—and have been tempted to lay the blame now upon his printers, and now upon his own most incomprehensible and nebulous *handwriting*. We were amused the other day to meet with a sapient critic in the *Scottish Press*, who, as specimens of the faults of his style, clashes, along with a paragraph of his, some sentences written by one of his friends, whose writing is totally distinct, both in essence and in form.

We take our leave of this subject with considerable regret, both because we are always sorry to part from a frank, friendly, and intelligent companion like Dr. Nichol, and because we are even yet sorrier to leave a theme so fascinating, even to an unscientific writer, as the “star-eyed science.” We cannot close without alluding to the recent death of Miss Herschel, long the associate of Sir William, in his midnight observations, and to whom our author pays an eloquent compliment, in his “Architecture of the Heavens.” After long enjoying the brilliant reputation of her brother, and the equally wide and true, if not so brilliant, reputation of her nephew—retaining, amid the chills of extreme age, all the ardor of her enthusiasm, and engaged, it is said, to the last in her favorite pursuit—she has fallen asleep. Every astronomer, surely, is ready to envy her fate, so far as her retaining to the end her post is concerned. To die at the telescope is surely a nobler destiny than to die at the cannon, or on the throne.

THE VIOLET.*—*Viola odorata*.

Who always with thee, by the way-side, met,
First called thee Violet;†—
A name that many now who utter it
Forget to think how fit!

Men love to picture thee, in coolest shade,
Of the deep forest glade;
Or, watching o'er the brink of lakelet clear,
The sunbeams dancing there.

But fondest lesson dost thou teach me yet,
O way-side Violet—
Preserving all thy hues, and sweets, and trust,
'Mid the world's travel dust.

Be mine—not only in calm, safe retreat,
Away from trampling feet;
But, on life's road, the lowliest, trustful, true,
Like thee, to smile there too!

Missionary.

*As if, WAY-LING.

†*Viola* sic nominatur, quia secus *viam* florere amat. Vox Græca, *iov*, quæ violam vult, eadem ratione usurpatur.

From the Spectator.

OWEN-MADDEN'S REVELATIONS OF IRELAND.

THE author of the smart, forcible, and rather interesting series called *Ireland and its Rulers*, as well as of some other political publications with similar characteristics, has been engaged in collecting materials for a history of Ireland since the union. "A variety of very curious matter has accumulated on his hands," but of too personal, local, or anecdotal a nature to be available in a history of public affairs. Following the idea of Rousseau, Mr. Owen-Madden considers that men engaged in historical actions are generally actors, as much prepared to perform a part as the player on the stage. In some sense this is true, but it is equally true of people engaged in all other business. The lawyer in his office, the shopkeeper behind his counter, or the footman in waiting, is as little like his individual self as any statesman or warrior of them all. Perhaps even less so, from the greater independence of position and pride of character in the historical person, which allow him to exhibit his genuine traits, except in that particular direction where he is playing the hypocrite. History, like criticism, deals with the intellectual and trained part of a man, in opposition to the personal, that belongs in its fulness to biography.

On the other ground which has induced Mr. Owen-Madden to publish this book, he is perhaps equally in error. He wishes, by a minute account of striking incidents, to exhibit the manners of the country at particular times. This can be done in history, if the historian plan his work with that design, and possess skill enough to carry out his intention; occurrences that are as it were a type being presented in the text, while those which are more peculiar appear in an appendix. It is not unusual for an historian to suspend his national narrative to introduce some trait of individual heroism, or some remarkable conduct or crime, provided that the thing is really characteristic of the state of society. Exceptional cases do not belong to either history, manners, or peoples. They are singularities, and may occur anywhere.

The critical error of "publishing a selection of papers from my Irish portfolio in a separate form," would, however, have been of less consequence had the papers really been what the author considered them; but such is not the case. The first chapter, "The Old Munster Bar," is an article or reminiscence of several able and socially gifted lawyers, who attained a circuit and professional celebrity some forty years ago, but never passed beyond that species of fame, though the author says two or three of them might have done so. The second chapter is on a larger subject, "Irish Pulpit Eloquence;" and would have borne a fuller illustration than is given to it. The story of the seduction of the Honorable Miss King, by her relative, Colonel Fitzgerald—the duel between the lady's brother, Colonel King, and Fitzgerald, the latter without a second, as no one would go out with him—the subsequent brawl in which Fitz-

gerald was shot by Lord Kingsborough—and the trial before the Irish house of lords—is not historical or illustrative, but exceptional; a mere example of abominable ingratitude, hypocrisy, and profligacy. Sir John Purcell's cool and undaunted defence of his house against nine ruffians perhaps falls under this exceptional category. The horrible story of the Sheas is more illustrative of the character and crimes of the Irish peasantry; and, properly condensed, might have appeared in history. So might what Mr. Owen-Madden calls "The Spiked Skulls;" in which a gang of murderers were beheaded after execution, and their heads exposed on the walls of the bridewell of Macroom, to the horror of the peasantry, but with the best effects in checking crime. All the other chapters are *articles*; sometimes gossipy—as "O'Connellism," in which the chief feature is the liberator's appetite and coarseness in feeding, rather unpleasant than amusing; or stale history, with an illustration old in the instance if new in the particular fact; or some papers on topics of insufficient interest, and rather forced to boot. In short, the substance of the book is a good deal more like sweepings of a study than "revelations" of a country. The story of the burning of the family of the Sheas, for example, is notorious—frequently referred to in parliament; the calm, determined courage of Sir John Purcell was told quite as well in the newspapers of the day as in the book before us, or we are much mistaken; Miss King's affair, in its main features, was re-narrated lately—we think by Dr. Milligan, in his History of Duelling.

Formally, the composition is as smart, and the tone as confident, as in Mr. Owen-Madden's previous works; but there is less of vitality, as if the author were getting exhausted, and were endeavoring to force an appearance of vigor. This, however, may really arise from want of matter—from the limited interest in the best of his topics, compared with the interest he wishes to make them appear to possess; or from the staleness of many of his subjects. All Mr. Owen-Madden's publications have run in one direction, and been handled in one style. This of necessity involves repetition and mannerism—a fault that frequently results from continual recurrence to similar subjects.

The two freshest papers in the collection are "The Munster Bar," and "Irish Pulpit Eloquence," as being drawn from actual reminiscences, or from personal communication, which are the next best thing to observation. It is needless to observe upon the following story of "Tom St. Lawrence," a popular Protestant preacher, that his eloquence had little effect upon his own life. The palliation for his conduct is to be found in his age, and in the fact that he was forced into the church against his will.

He was once appointed to preach a charity sermon, at a well-known church in Dublin, on behalf of a popular institution. It was the first time he had ever preached in the metropolis, and amongst the clergy generally there was considerable anxiety to hear him. His friends were most anxious that

he should appear to advantage, and that he should justify the reports which had preceded him from the South of Ireland. He was himself desirous to sustain his reputation, but took no uncommon pains about the matter, leaving it to the last to prepare his sermon. He arrived in Dublin two days before the time appointed for the sermon, and intended to spend the interval in preparation, but St. Lawrence's practice very often differed from his resolutions. Instead of passing the intervening days in study, he spent them in company; and joined a gay party—a very gay one—on the Saturday evening before the appointed day. It was precisely such a party as St. Lawrence rejoiced in. Gentlemen of "the old school" were there, with droll tales of other times; wits were there, with buoyant spirits; jolly old college companions, and jovial blades. The mirth was great, and the jest passed with the wine-cup, and several of the small hours had chimed before the revellers broke up. One of the company really felt for St. Lawrence; and feared, not unreasonably, that he would belie all the hopes entertained of him in the pulpit. He called upon St. Lawrence the next day, and found him at a late breakfast. The visitor told St. Lawrence how the rest of the company had concluded the night, after he had left them. It seems that they had adjourned to a gambling-house, and that one of the parties, Major—had been fleeced! At this St. Lawrence was much distressed, and he expressed real compunction for the way he had spent the night. He then begged to be left alone; and at the appointed hour St. Lawrence entered the pulpit, sad, weary, and depressed. He saw that the congregation expected a good sermon; and he recognized many a distinguished member of Trinity College, and many an old friend amongst the crowd. But what was his amazement at beholding four of his fellow-revellers of the previous night, seated side by side in a pew near the pulpit! The sight at once aroused his mind and supplied him with a topic. St. Lawrence on that day preached from his heart, and gave eloquent utterance to the feelings of compunction and sorrow which he felt to the core. He painted in the most striking colors the ruin and misery occasioned by loss of time, by opportunities wasted, and by great talents misapplied to trifles. He struck at the vice of gaming—a vice which at all times has been prevalent in Dublin; he then described the very scene which he had witnessed the previous night, and, adding the fact of the withdrawal to the gaming-table, (of which he had been informed previously,) asked how could such persons expect to meet the judgment of the living God? Roused by the subject, he continued to speak with earnest force; and the picture of the ruined gambler, led to ruin by idleness and the craving for excitement, moved the major even to tears. "Ah!" said St. Lawrence afterwards, when some of his friends were congratulating him on the eloquence he had displayed, "I was at first very nervous: the sight of so many of the big-wigs of the university dispirited me; but when I saw old Jack—shed tears, I knew that I had done well." In truth, the presence of his fellow-revellers had saved him from failure: he confessed afterwards that he should have utterly failed but for the train of ideas suggested by their presence.

The subject of the following sketch is perhaps now forgotten even in his own sphere, but he was a character in his day: the remarks of Mr. Owen-Madden are judicious, and apply to other professions besides the bar.

"COUNSELLOR" QUIN OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

He was a grave elocutionist, and delivered his speeches in the stately style of Kemble playing Cato. In some cases he was most imposing and effective: but his style was too tragic for the everyday cases of the bar. In the case of a Higgins or a Murphy he was as grand in his manner as if the house of Atreus were his clients. He was probably more familiar with Corneille than with Coke. In stating a case in trover you were reminded of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. I know not whether he was a distant relative or connection of his namesake the celebrated actor of the same name; but certainly the queen's counsel of the Munster bar had all the air of a stage-taught and perhaps "stage-struck" lawyer. Like his namesake the great actor, he was heavy and monotonous: the actor and the advocate both wanted variety—

"Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still was Quin."

And Churchill's line was equally applicable to the barrister of the Munster circuit.

Poor Quin! I remember him when he presented a sad contrast to his earlier and more prosperous days. After having been for many years a leading man on the circuit, he almost suddenly lost all his business. At a Cork election he gave a legal opinion which was very wrong; and the notoriety of the fact (from its connection with a public matter) did him great professional injury, possibly with much injustice. For years he used to go to the circuit without getting briefs. He saw younger and less gifted men with plenty of employment, while he sat unoccupied. I remember being struck with his disconsolate aspect the first time I saw him at the bar. He looked like a "light of other days;" and doubtless many a recollection of bygone times used to come across his mind. He was probably not much at the wrong side of fifty when I first saw him; but, with his silver hairs and sad aspect, he looked to be seventy. The crown employed him always as one of its leading counsel; and pickpockets and sheep-stealers had the gratification of being publicly prosecuted in a style remarkable for its lofty though artificial dignity.

It must not be supposed that Quin lost his business from any want of capacity. By no means. He got out of fashion, and an unlucky accident helped to injure him. The bar is as subject to the caprices of fashion as the ballroom. To-day men are cried up as lawyers, whom you will hear to-morrow disparaged as not fit to draw a common declaration. Thus it is reputations rise and fall, and fortunes are made and afterwards lost. The spectacle of a barrister, once in fashion, who has lost all his practice, is a sad and disheartening one. On the tide of success he may have launched into expenditure and show; the current of prosperity ceases for a few terms, and he is left a stranded wreck—a thing of ruin and decay. There are a few still living who remember the melancholy case of Mr.—, now nearly half a century since. He had been once in the first rank of the bar, and lived in one of the squares in Dublin: afterwards he was so reduced that he was glad to accept a very humble situation under government to keep himself from starvation.

Quin, however, made a great deal of money during the time that he was in fashion: he was wise enough to keep it; and when the rainy day came he had stored up an ample competency. He had a fine voice; he sang very delightfully; his manners were those of a high-bred though somewhat formal gentleman; his declamation was too verbose, but

it had merits peculiar to the style; and when he had a case suited to his powers it received ample rhetorical justice at his hands.

We take leave of Mr. Owen-Madden's readable, but not very remarkable, *Revelations*, with an anecdote of O'Connell.

A few years since he went down to Kingstown, near Dublin, with a party, to visit a queen's ship-of-war, which was then riding in the bay. After having seen it O'Connell proposed a walk to the top of Killiney Hill. Breaking from the rest of his party, he ascended to the highest point of the hill, in company with a young and real Irish patriot, whose character was brimful of national enthusiasm. The day was fine, and the view from the summit of the hill burst gloriously upon the sight. The beautiful bay of Dublin, like a vast sheet of crystal, was at their feet; the old city of Dublin stretched away to the west, and to the north was the bold promontory of Howth, jutting forth into the sea; to the south were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, enclosing the lovely vale of Shanganah, rising picturesquely against the horizon. The scene was beautiful, with all the varieties of sunlight and shadow. O'Connell enjoyed it with nearly as much rapture as his youthful and ardent companion; who broke forth—"It is all Ireland—oh, how beautiful! Thank God, we see nothing English here: everything we see is Irish!" His rapture was interrupted by O'Connell gently laying his hand on his shoulder, and pointing to the ship-of-war at anchor as he exclaimed—"A speck of the British power!"

From Jerrold's Magazine.

HOW SOLDIERS ARE MADE IN PRUSSIA.

WHATEVER strictures may be passed on the policy and tendencies of the Prussian kings, there can be but one opinion with regard to the principles which have always led them in the general organization of their armies. Prussia is a decidedly military state: the Prussians are a military nation throughout. That country occupies a territory of no more than 5000 square miles, with a population of less than fourteen millions. By extent and by the number of its inhabitants it ranks among the second-class states of Europe; but by means of its military system it has acquired, and seemingly still possesses, a first-rate influence in European politics. This has always been the case; and though the course of events sometimes changed the minor features of the system, the fundamental principle has remained unaltered. That principle is the principle of intimidation: it is to acquire influence by means of an imposing attitude, to command respect on the strength of a numerical superiority. The Prussian State has always relied on a large and well-drilled army. It may be said that the great problem, "how to keep the greatest number of men for the smallest given sum of money" has been satisfactorily solved by the kings of that country. The Prussian kings cannot boast of any hereditary talent for generalship running in their family. Two of them only, the Great Elector, and Frederic I., showed themselves competent to the chances of war and the

leadership of armies; but a strong talent for *sergeantship* is unquestionably developed in the bumps of all the heads of the family of Hohenzollern. The Prussian kings were always great drill-masters; they could at all times defy the whole world on parade; they are capital hands at the organization and minor discipline of a regiment. They always delighted in the leadership of a company of the grenadier guards. The princes of that house are soldiers from their very cradle. The moment a male infant is born, he is enrolled on the lists of some regiment; when he can scarcely walk, he is drilled for the parade. A Prussian prince is a lieutenant at four, and a colonel at fourteen years of age; and what is more, his knowledge of the routine of barrack service at those respective ages is almost equal to that of most lieutenants and colonels in the Prussian army. He knows all the rules and regulations of the service, as far as they regard the dress and appearance of the soldiers; he has been taught to march in the ranks, and to keep his distance to a hair; his eye has been sharpened to the finding out of a speck of dust on a grenadier's musket, or a fusilier's cartridge-box; he knows all the signals on the bugle, and talks as a connoisseur of the merits of a grand review. Some of the Prussian princes are great amateurs in military tailoring. The late king of Prussia, Frederic William III., belonged to that class. He had a curious collection of dummies, as large as life, dressed in the different uniforms of the officers, sergeants, and privates of all his regiments. It was his great pleasure, and seemed almost to be the object of his life, to walk about the rooms containing this collection, and to improve on the costumes. He shortened a cuff, or lengthened a collar, or tried what an additional inch in breadth would do for the strap of a knapsack. Any change on which he determined was immediately introduced among all the corresponding regiments in the army. Unluckily he consulted only his taste in these alterations, and never gave a thought to the comfort or convenience of the soldier who was to wear the uniform. It looked well, at least to him: that was enough. The coats, ezakos, and straps of his invention were so many instruments of torture. The fatigues of a few years' parade service were enough to ruin the strongest constitutions. Brain fever, loss of hair, inflammation of the eyes, and consumption decimated the Prussian army in the very midst of peace, and did more execution among them than a batch of battles could have done. The present king of Prussia seems to favor the dummy-school less than a certain martial appearance, breadth of shoulder, and profusion of beard, which give his soldiers the appearance of having come back from the middle ages. It may be said, to his praise, that he invented his clothes first, and next tried them on, to see how they would wear. This is more than can generally be said of the inventors of military hats and coats.

We have said before that the Prussians are essentially a military nation, and it may be right

to add, that their kings have made them so. They came to the throne, and they maintained their possession of it, by military force. They were, for a long time, the kings of their army; their dominion ended with their outposts. They were soldiers, and always wore the uniform. It was on their army they had to rely; their other subjects could only come into consideration so far as they provided the food and pay of the soldiers. The Prussian kings have proclaimed the principle, and they have acted up to it, that the army ranks highest in the kingdom. It would be needless to inquire how far this principle is just and right. It is enough that it served their turn. Military persons were always much more forward than civilians. The military profession was, for a long time, and is, to a certain extent, even now, the only one by which a Prussian can obtain a station in the society of his own country. The royal table and the palace are, in a manner, open to every lieutenant; that is to say, the etiquette of the court prevents civilians, even of very high rank, from appearing at court, while it admits all military officers of the rank of a lieutenant. A system from which regulations like these emanate cannot have been in force for any length of time without exercising a strong influence on the minds of the people. The army in Prussia excites not that curiosity and that romantic enthusiasm which other armies are the objects of, but it is, nevertheless, an object of general and serious interest.

There is, indeed, nowhere so close a connection between military and private life as in Prussia. In that country there is no barrier, no line of demarcation, between the civilian and the soldier. Every civilian of moderate size and strength has either been a soldier, or he is preparing to enter on that career. Only one third of the Prussian soldiers wear the red and blue coat and the king's cockade. The other two thirds go about in the dress of peasants, of merchants, of mechanics, of tradesmen; they are in the church, in the schools, in the courts of justice. It is almost impossible to walk three yards in any Prussian town without meeting a soldier. He is not a yeoman or a militiaman; no, he is a *bonâ fide* soldier, whose years of drill are over, and whose exercise and manœuvring is by far more regular and correct than that of the troops of the line. The distinguishing feature of the Prussian army and of military life in that country lies in the conscriptional radicalism of her recruiting system. Recruiting by conscription is by no means a new invention; the thing has often been tried by the arbitrary rulers of different countries, and some modifications of that system are even now in force in some of the continental states. But however severe these systems of conscription may be, there is always a loophole for rank and wealth to escape through; and whatever the provisions of the statute may have been in theory, the burden of military service fell always on the poorer classes of the people. Such is not the case in Prussia. The framers of the present military system were even more severe with the wealthy than with the

indigent; for a man may be excused from military service on the plea of the poverty of his family; whereas no riches whatever can save a strong, healthy young "gentleman" from being enlisted. The Prussian legislators are not generally over careful of the poorer classes; but in their military legislature it was their plan to make the army an object of interest to the people at large, and especially to the most influential members of the community. They were very right in presuming that the best way to do this was to enlist wealth and influence.

The Prussian law of conscription is most simple and sweeping. Every able-bodied native of the Prussian dominions is bound to serve the state as a soldier, from the beginning of his twentieth year till he has reached the age of fifty. That is the fundamental principle. Such a law, if adopted by a free country like England, would be an example of the generosity and heroic devotion of the people, the like of which is not to be found in history. In a country like Prussia it is nothing more than a most arbitrary measure, which, strange to say, has hitherto had some good effects, and done little harm. The law is a very fair one, in so far as its burden lies alike on all classes and on all ranks. It is vigorously executed. A commission, consisting of a major of the army, a lieutenant, and an army physician, sits during the first weeks of May in the principal town of every borough. All the young men of that district who in that year enter the age of twenty are bound to appear before this commission. It is a very curious sight to see them arrive from all parts of the country, dressed in their best dresses, and excited by their anticipations of military life, to which many of them look forward with great joy. They are usually accompanied by the principal civil officers of their respective parishes, who take their places at the board, for the purpose of protecting those of their parishioners whose circumstances entitle them to a dispensation from military service. The young men are marched up in files, measured, and examined by the doctor. If they are too small or too weak, they are told to come back next year; if crippled and totally disabled they are at once struck out of the list. Those whom the doctor declares fit for service are successively called upon by their names, to show cause why they should not be enlisted to serve in the army. Young men of good conduct, who can prove that their parents are unable to provide for themselves, are put back for one or two years, until their brothers and sisters are grown up. The only son of an aged and poor couple is usually set down as free; the only son of a widow is free by an especial provision of the statute. All applications for freedom from military service are sifted with the utmost severity; poverty is almost exclusively the *availing* plea. The effect of a man's being married is of no help to him. He is told he had no business to marry before he appeared before the commission. All fit and proper persons—usually eight out of ten—are dismissed till the first week of August, when they

have to appear before another commission, which is emphatically called the *grand* commission. Its business is to distribute the recruits among the different troops and regiments of the service. Each man is again carefully examined. The finest and tallest fellows are picked out to serve in the guards. Those who can prove that they belong to the profession of huntsmen and foresters are sent to join the rifle-brigade. Powerful and active fellows are distributed among the horse artillery, the cuirassiers, and lancers. Young men of lesser size are incorporated in the light cavalry, and infantry. Eight days after the grand commission has been held, the recruits are again assembled, and marched off to join their respective regiments. Their term of service in the ranks is three years. It is a very short time for a soldier to learn the whole of his duty in; and indeed the Prussian recruits are almost too much worked in the first six weeks of their service. They must learn to handle their muskets and sabres, and to march in files. They have from six to eight hours' drilling each day, besides attending at three musters, when their dress and appearance is minutely inspected by the officers. When the rudiments of the service have been taught the recruits, they are at once received into their respective companies and battalions, and instructed in the field service, to march and manoeuvre in companies, in regiments, in brigades, and in divisions. They are practised in shooting at the mark and fighting with the bayonet; and those who do not know reading and writing are taught to do so. Each soldier has, moreover, to attend for one or two hours a day at a school, where an officer first lectures, and then examines on various theoretical points connected with the service. They are taught how to behave on guard, in the field, in bivouac; they learn something of the nature and qualities of fire-arms, and some of the fundamental rules of field fortification. Many of the young soldiers make great progress; others, on the contrary, are extremely stupid. Hackländer, in his "Sketches of a Soldier's Life,"* tells an amusing anecdote of a recruit of the artillery, who could not be made to understand and remember what gunpowder was made of. The lieutenant, who lectured on gunnery, was in despair. The fellow could not remember the three articles: brimstone, charcoal, and saltpetre. The moment they told him, he forgot all about it. The colonel of the brigade was at last informed of the circumstance, and tried what he could do. "Gunpowder is made of saltpetre, charcoal, and brimstone," said the colonel, "now tell me: what is gunpowder made of?" "It is made of charcoal—and brimstone—and—and—." In fact he knew not. The colonel fancied the poor fellow was bewildered, and frightened by the idea of talking to one so high in command as himself. "Well," said he, "I see how it is," and taking off his hat with the large white plume, he put on

a gunner's forage cap. "Now," said the colonel to the recruit, "you must forget that I am your colonel. Think I am your old friend and comrade, Jack, the gunner. Can you manage to fancy that?" "Yes." "Very well! Now, I come to you, saying, 'My dear fellow, do tell me what the deuce is gunpowder made of?' what would you answer to that? Speak freely!" The recruit thought for a moment, and then said: "What would I answer? I'd say: 'Don't ask me questions. You know much better what gunpowder is made of than I do!'"

Besides the necessity the Prussian generals are under of finishing the education of their soldiers in three years, there seems to be the very prudent maxim among them that a soldier must be hard worked to prevent him from getting demoralized and mischievous. Indeed, a private soldier in the crack regiments has scarcely one hour of the twenty-four which he can call his own. He is busy from morning till night; he is always either on duty or preparing for duty. Sunday afternoon is, in fact, the only free time for a Prussian soldier, and even then he has not much time for mischief, for at eight o'clock the *retreat* is sounded. A great deal of bad behavior is in this manner prevented, and the young men are accustomed to habits of cleanliness, industry, and good order. Besides their military duty, they learn a great many things, which in after life are very useful to them. They are taught, by necessity, to wash their linen, to mend their clothes, and to cook their dinners. A certain number of men, headed by an officer, are every day on duty in the kitchen. The officer has to see to the quality and quantity of the materials provided for the common dinner, and the men prepare the victuals and cook them. No soldier leaves the Prussian service without having acquired the rudiments of the art of cookery. Almost every article which is used in the barracks is manufactured by the soldiers themselves; their clothes, too, are made in a regimental tailor's shop, the foreman of which is a sergeant, who has given satisfactory proofs of his proficiency in the trade. This system is a capital one, on account of its cheapness. Indeed, it would be next to impossible for a country like Prussia, without colonies, and with none but her internal resources, to keep an army of between two to three hundred thousand men, if each individual soldier were one half as expensive as the soldiers of other nations—for example, the English. A Prussian soldier gets about three halfpence a day for his food, but out of this he has to provide blacking and pipeclay for the cleaning of his shoes and arms. Besides, he has two pounds of bread a day. An English reader will fancy that the soldiers must be half starved on so meagre an allowance, but it is no such thing. The young peasants never look so stout and blooming as during the years of their military service—it fattens them. Most of them sell one half of their allowance of bread to the poorer population in the neighborhood of the barracks. The lower classes are very fond of the king's bread; it is very good

* *Das Soldatenleben im Frieden*. Von F. W. Hackländer. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1913. London, Williams et Norgate.

and the soldiers give it much cheaper than the baker. An infantry soldier costs the King of Prussia, for his clothes, arms, and victuals, between six and seven pounds a year. The expenses of the cavalry and artillery are proportionably greater. But the grand economic feature of the plan is, that after a three years' service, the man is sent back to his home to follow his trade or a profession. From that moment he costs almost nothing, and yet he is still a soldier. It is to the Generals Scharnhorst and Gneisenau that the Prussian state owes that admirable system of national defence, which is commonly known by the name of the *Landwehr*. According to this system the troops of the line are, in fact, only soldiers in training—young men to whom the state gives a military education. When that education is finished, they enter the regiments in which they have to pass the greater part of their lives, viz., from twenty-three to fifty. The military duties of the *landwehr* are, in time of peace, very limited. The men of each battalion have, at certain times of the year, (usually on Sunday afternoon,) to assemble to muster and practise shooting at the mark. To keep them in military training, they are, once a year, collected in regiments or brigades, and, under the superintendence of the staff-officers of the line, practise field service and manœuvring for a term of from three to six weeks. This *landwehr* is, indeed, the real military force of the country. Their uniforms and arms, the harness of their horses, their guns and field equipage, are kept in large storehouses in the provincial towns, ten to twenty miles apart. Their cavalry is mounted by means of those horses belonging to private individuals that are fit for field service, and for the use of which a certain sum is paid. Several trials have been made, and it has been found that the whole body of the *landwehr* can be under arms and on duty on their different stations within eight days after the general order has been issued from Berlin. The Prussian line and *landwehr* together muster in such a case above five hundred thousand men. To assemble a force of from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand men, at any given place in the Prussian dominions, would require no more than three days' time.

It presents a strange spectacle, and one which would make an impartial observer question the prudence of the system, to see so powerful a force under an arbitrary and unpopular government. There can be no doubt that the three hundred thousand men, Prussian *landwehr*, are a formidable army to oppose to any invading enemy. But in the case of a revolution, they would be much more formidable to the government which should incur their displeasure. It has been generally considered a bold experiment to arm the people at large. The Prussian government have been bolder still; they have instructed the people at large in the use of arms and the tactics of warfare. The revolutionary bands of most countries are awed and effectually restrained by the presence of an organized military force. They have the advantage of

strength and numbers, but they are conquered by superior skill. They may barricade the streets of a town, but they are out-manœuvred in the field. They are, in plain words; a rabble, a mob; they are unaccustomed to act in concert, and if they have arms, they do not know the collective use of them. In Prussia the case is different. Two thirds of any Prussian mob are soldiers. A party of rioters want but a commander to draw up in ranks and files, and to form a regiment. If they storm an arsenal, and find muskets, they are prepared to fire in volleys or in ranks, to form a column or a square, and to charge with the point of the bayonet. If they carry off a cannon, there are the artillerymen ready to work it. They enter the storehouse as a mob, and leave it as an army. They have been broken to the trade of arms, and their strength is likely to surpass that of the troops of the line.

It is but justice to the originators of the Prussian *landwehr* to say, that this formidable plan was adopted for the express purpose of the expulsion of the French armies from Prussia, and at a time when an unpopular government could not be thought of in that country. The *landwehr* was first organized when the late King of Prussia, Frederic William III., promised his subjects constitutional liberty, if they succeeded in restoring him to the throne. It need scarcely be observed that that promise has been most shamefully broken by the late king, and no less shamefully evaded by his successor, Frederic William IV.

The aristocratic feelings of an Englishman would perhaps revolt at the idea that "gentlemen by birth and education" should be forced to live for three years among, and share the barrack-room with, a set of peasants and mechanics; and some such idea seems to have influenced the Prussian war-office, when they issued their very judicious regulations on the subject of *volunteers*. The Prussian government have, indeed, found it necessary to make some distinctions, and they have proceeded from the principle, that the mere casualty of birth, or the possession of a certain annual income, cannot make a "gentleman;" and that he who claims to be treated as such, at the hands of the state, ought to furnish some more convincing proofs of his "gentility." A man who has the advantage of education, and of a certain income, may, if he chooses, apply to be examined by a commission appointed for that purpose; and after having passed his examination he is entitled to the privilege of a volunteer. He enters the army on the condition of receiving no pay, and finding his own accoutrements, board, and lodging. His military education lasts but a twelvemonth: the officers are bound to treat him with greater respect than the mass of the soldiers, from whom he is distinguished by a thin border of yellow round his shoulderflaps. He is not bound to keep in doors after the *retreat*, and after mounting one guard, he is at liberty to hire other soldiers to mount the guard instead of him. After one year's service he has to undergo another examination, which, if successful, entitles

him to the rank of officer in the landwehr. His clothes on duty are of the same coarse cloth as those of the other privates, but he is generally permitted to wear a uniform of better materials in his hours of recreation. Mr. Hackländer, whose adventures in the Prussian army have greatly amused us, was not allowed the latter privilege; and excess of youthful vanity, which led him to disobedience, was quickly discovered and punished. "We found it very annoying," says Mr. Hackländer, (speaking of himself and his fellow-volunteers,) "that we should no longer be permitted to wear our own clothes, with a nice clean waistcoat peeping through the negligent buttoning of the jacket. It was awkward, too, to wear the heavy regulation *sabre*, when we went out, in lieu of our own private swords, with belts of white patent-leather and gilt buckles, which were exactly like those worn by the officers of the brigade. We talked the matter over (*en petit comité*) on a Sunday afternoon, and agreed to show off in the town with all the splendor of these prohibited articles of finery. But we resolved at the same time, *nem con.*, to proceed to the gates by back ways and deserted alleys, and—if our colonel should happen to meet us—to run for it. Consequently, we sallied out from the barracks in a most punishable disorder. One of us had a pair of black trousers on; another wore a patent sword-belt; a third almost strangled himself with an enormous cravat, and shirt collars to match; and as for me, I wore my jacket all open, with a white waistcoat under it. We had proceeded through some streets—with fear and trembling of course—when all of a sudden the cry of terror was heard: 'There goes the colonel!' We ought to have cut our sticks, but we did no such thing. We were fascinated, spellbound, transfixed. All we could do was to make 'front.' I endeavored to button my jacket. The fellow with the cravat being nearest to the colonel, tucked his shirt-collar in on one side, but he could not do so on the other, for our colonel came up at that very moment. At first he did not remark the enormities of our toilette, for he began by saying—'Hem! hem! the young gents look very dashing; I like it.' One of my comrades told me afterwards, that he had muttered an inward prayer to God that the colonel might pass by this once. But he did not pass by. All on a sudden he looked fearfully black; he had seen those confounded shirt-collars, and seizing them, he pulled them out to the whole of their length.

"'Oho! what is that? dog of a million!' cried Colonel Tuck, who had risen from the ranks, and whose language had still a strong flavor of the guard-house. 'Oho! what is that? and you' (turning to me)—'I'll be damned if your shirt does n't stick out of your trousers!'

"I cast an anxious look to the region he alluded to, and found that, between haste and fear—Heaven knows how—my jacket had got buttoned awry, and part of my waistcoat was exposed.

"'Well!' continued the colonel, 'isn't it the shirt? Speak out!'

"'Nein Herr Oberst!' muttered I, 'it's my waistcoat.'

"'Hm! Hm! waistcoat? Very well! I'll waistcoat you. And as sure as Heaven's above me, that fellow has got a pair of black breeches! Donnerwetter! Are you aware, sir, that black breeches are expressly forbid in the rules and regulations of his majesty's service! The service, damn it! goes to the devil with such jackanapes! And here's a young snob, that has a sword-belt that would be too good for his colonel! Move on to the barracks, all of you! I'll go with you!'"

To the barracks they went, the colonel leading the way, and abusing them all the while. The colonel asked for the serjeant, and ordered him to send the offenders to arrest for twenty-four hours.

The description which Mr. Hackländer gives of a Prussian military prison, justifies the fear which he and his comrades had of their colonel.

"The serjeant," says Mr. Hackländer, "wrote a short note of introduction to the keeper of the prison. We dressed in fatigue suits, and got a piece of black bread of two lbs., which we carried along with us to our new quarters."

A Prussian military prison is always a tower, fitted up for the accommodation, or, more justly speaking, the torture of soldiers, under arrest. In the different stories of this tower are wooden cages, of five feet by eight. The doors are exactly like the doors of the cages of a menagerie; each is secured by two strong bars. Above the door is a grated hole of one foot square, to keep the cage airy. There are loopholes, too, all around the tower. But the doors of the cages are so constructed, as *not* to correspond with the loopholes: the aperture admits air, but no light. The furniture of each cage consists of a kind of low table (*pritsche*) to sleep on, a water-jug to drink out of, and a pail for inexpressible purposes. The prisoner's food is his bread, and his drink the water in the jug. This state of existence is, in Prussian military language, called the "*Middle Arrest*." The "*Lenient Arrest*" is a little less disagreeable, inasmuch as the prisoner is confined in a cell with a window, and accommodated with a straw mattress, a Bible, and the usual barrack allowance of soup and meat. "*Severe Arrest*" is a place where not a ray of daylight ever shines, and where the prisoner must lie on the cold stones. This punishment is usually dictated by a court-martial, and varies from three days to six weeks.

Middle arrest is the common means of discipline in the Prussian army, and Mr. Hackländer came, of course, into middle arrest. The jailer, or inspector, searched him and his companions for any hidden stores of victuals they might carry about in their pockets and boots, and took away their pocket-handkerchiefs, for nothing beyond the usual articles of fatigue dress is allowed to enter the cage. This was the first time that Mr. Hackländer was under an arrest; he felt revolted at the sight of his new residence. He could not help exclaiming:—

"'Am I to go into this pigsty?' At which

the inspector, a broken serjeant of the infantry, grew very angry, and cried, 'Ha! ha!—Greenhorn! greenhorn! wants to be better off than other honest folks. Get in! get in!' I obeyed, and the door was bolted. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. I never knew time go so slowly. I counted the quarters by the clock, and fancied there was half an eternity between each. I walked about my cage. Two steps was all I could make. I turned round and round like a wild animal. I ate bread to pass the time. I sat down on the pritsche, counted my fingers and my toes, and drank water. The clock struck; it was but another quarter. I tried to sleep, but my limbs hurt me with lying on the hard wood. I was most shamefully plagued by the blues. All this was, in a manner, bearable during the day, for there was a faint glimmering light in my cage, which rendered it possible to walk to and fro without knocking one's head against the wall. There were also noises from without; the speaking and laughing of the passengers in the street, the calls of the sentinels, and other things, to occupy one's mind. But night came on. It grew as dark as pitch, and dreadfully still. I felt cold, too. I worked as hard as any man can do, to fall asleep. I counted up to one hundred thousand, and conjugated all the irregular verbs. I knew it was all in vain. Then came the faint sound of the bugle; it was the *retreat*. It was nine o'clock. I had to wait eight hours more for day. I made serious preparations for sleeping. I rolled myself up on my piece of board, like a hedgehog, and pulling off my jacket, covered my arms and chest with it. It is warmer in that manner. After shifting and changing my position a great many times, I fell asleep, and had one of the wildest possible dreams about heroes and serpents. Something, I know not what, woke me. I had dreamed so much, (thank God!) it must have taken no end of time to do so many things, even in a dream. It must almost be morning. I got up from the pritsche, and moving my limbs, for they were quite stiff, waited patiently until the clock struck. Hark! One—two—three—four—all the quarters! But what hour! One—two—three—four—(God be thanked! four o'clock already!)—five—(I jumped up)—six—(Impossible! there ought to be more light!)—seven—(Dear me! can it be that it is no more than twelve o'clock!)—eight—nine—ten!—I was completely floored. Ten o'clock! Goodness gracious! ten o'clock only! Have I then slept but one single hour? Impossible! But it was possible. The town clocks, one after the other, struck the hour of ten. There was nothing to be done but to go to sleep again; and, after many unsuccessful attempts, I did so. Prison dreams are provokingly disagreeable. In my dream I was no longer the giddy volunteer whom a white waistcoat had brought into trouble—no! I was a murderer, and this was my last night! Morning came; the muskets of the soldiers rang on the floor of the corridor. They had come for me! The bolts of my door were noisily pushed

back: a strong light broke dazzlingly upon my eyes. There were the soldiers of the guard leaning on their muskets, and there was the inspector creeping into my hole. 'Halloh, greenhorn! greenhorn! Up with you, greenhorn!' 'What's the matter?' said I, angrily, 'Confound you, let me sleep!' 'Ah! Ah! Don't chaff me!—don't chaff me! I am the inspector, and come to see that all is in good order. So! so! devil's baby, you've taken off your jacket, in the very face of the rules and regulations of his majesty's service! I've a great mind to report this greenhorn at the commandantur, and they don't joke there. Give you three days middle arrest, that your soul whistles within you. On with your jacket in double quick time! Ah, greenhorn! you've spit on the floor! What's the pail for!—what's the pail for?' Saying which he hobbled out, and I was again left in the dark."

This was the first, but by no means the last time that the author of the "Sketches" was accommodated with free quarters in the tower of Cologne, for the Prussian military code has two grand penal features; arrest and additional duty. The latter is the most lenient way of punishing negligence and carelessness in the service. Corporal punishment may be said to be almost wholly abolished. Indeed, with a class of soldiers like those of Prussia, such a mode of punishment could never be admissible. Disgraceful offences, such as theft, &c., are, however, punished by depriving the culprit of the cockade; and, if the offence is repeated, he can then be sentenced by a court-martial to receive a certain number of lashes. Such a case occurs very seldom, for so great is the abhorrence of corporal punishment in Prussia, that the officers themselves will protest against this punishment being resorted to, because "they fee it a disgrace and a torture, since their duty obliges them to attend." Court-martials are, therefore, little inclined to sentence a man to corporal punishment; they prefer sending him into severe arrest for six weeks; or, if the case is very bad, they condemn him to hard labor in a fortress. This punishment varies from three months to three years. Men who have repeatedly deserted from the ranks are punished in this manner.

Mr. Hackländer's book furnishes us with capital specimens of the way in which the discipline is enforced and the duty carried on in the Prussian army. The manner in which the soldiers are treated is akin to the treatment which the boys of a large school receive at the hands of their masters, and their offences emanate, for the most part, from a boyish spirit of laziness or mischief. The majority of the men are, indeed, "children of a larger growth;" their ages varying from seventeen to six-and-twenty. Their soldiering is but another stage of their education; their faults are the faults of their age. There are no inveterate vices to contend with; insubordination is checked in the germ, and habits of drunkenness are extremely rare. The men are too young and too much occupied to get drunk. The greater part of the

soldiers, and especially the volunteers, are extremely fond of boyish freaks; and the officers are often obliged to exert a considerable degree of severity to keep their exuberance of animal spirits within bounds, and to check them in their tricks, or "dumme Streiche," as they emphatically call it. Mr. Hackländer tells of one of these tricks, by which some of his friends got into trouble. They were on a march, and quartered for the night in a little town; the volunteers met in the evening to walk through the streets, and to "ulk." This is a slang term. It comprises all the amiable tricks by which very young men become, not unfrequently, public nuisances; it means singing in the streets, ringing the house-bells, and carrying off the bell-handles, annoying the passengers, changing the sign-boards of the shops and public houses, breaking windows, etc. One of the favorite "ulks" of the volunteers in that brigade was to enter boldly and in a body the door of any large house, and to proceed up stairs to the top of the house, with as little noise as possible, to answer no questions from the servants, but, on a signal being given, to rush down stairs with clattering of spurs and sabres, laughing and howling. "This trick we had frequently played with impunity, and we were bold in consequence. We found a fine, large house, which seemed expressly built for our purpose; it was four stories high, with broad, comfortable stairs, and lamps on all the landings. The house-door was wide open. So charming an opportunity could not be allowed to pass; we entered, and were met on the first landing by a servant, who wished to be informed whom we wished to see? The great thing was not to answer, but busily and quickly to mount higher up, and so we did. The servant followed us to the door of the loft, when we halted; I turned round and said very coolly, 'Does not Mr. Müller live here? Where the deuce is his room?' The servant looked rather sheepish. 'There must be some mistake about it, gentlemen,' said he, 'for there is no Mr. Müller in the house;' at which we set up an appalling howl, dropped our swords noisily on the steps, and rushed down the stairs screeching and clattering. In going up I had led the way, so I brought up the rear in coming down; my sword too got entangled with the banisters, and my comrades had already gained the lowest stairs, where they howled like so many devils, while I was still clattering down the upper ones. No time was to be lost; doors were being opened in all directions. A couple of servants with lights came down stairs after me; I cleared the last ten steps of the second stairs with one bound, and stood suddenly transfixed with terror, for a voice, which I knew but too well, rung at that moment through the house. It was the colonel!

"Ho! ho!" roared he, "confound the good-for-nothing dogs of a million! Tausend Schock Donnerwetter crush you! Ho! ho! a whole troop of them! Stand still all of you. If one of you move I shall do something which I shall be sorry for to-morrow! Lock the doors and send for

the guard. You Schwerenöther! I'll have you up before a court-martial!"

"To this moment I am ignorant how I managed to stop myself in my violent rush. I did it somehow. I stood like a statue, pressing my sabre to my breast to prevent its rattling. It was a trying position—the servants above, the colonel below. Where was I to hide myself? There was not even a dark corner. At that moment I saw a door at my left slowly open and a light shining through it. I made a violent rush against that door. There may have been some opposition from some person or persons inside, but I did not feel it. In a moment I found my way into a nice little bed-room, where two pretty girls, its inmates, did all they could to make up for their want of drapery by hiding behind the bed-curtains. They trembled violently, but they spoke boldly.

"What can you want here?" said they. "Get out."

"For God's sake, don't betray me!" said I.

Their answer, if any, was drowned by the voice of the colonel counting the number of his prisoners.

"Two—four—five! Who told me there were six of them? Where the devil is that fellow Hackländer, for I'm sure he is one of you. Birds of a feather flock together. Look about the house some of you, and try to find the young donkey!"

This was the critical moment in Hackländer's adventure, for the ladies seemed almost inclined to give him into custody. However, they did not do so, because (as they afterwards informed our hero) they had brothers who were volunteers, and who were also fond of making "dumme Streiche." Mr. Hackländer's comrades were marched off to prison, while he escaped. When all was quiet, he was conducted by the girls to a back-door which communicated with the garden; he climbed over the wall, and was in safety. Mr. Hackländer's military career lasted above two years, for it was his intention to get promoted to the grade of officer; indeed, he passed through the ranks of bombardier and serjeant, but quitted the service at the age of nineteen, because he got disgusted with the tedious routine of a soldier's life in peace. He travelled afterwards in Syria and Egypt, as secretary to one of the lesser German princes, and wrote a clever and amusing description of his journey under the title of "Daguerreotypes from the Orient." After his return he was appointed reader to the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, and has, of late, been attached to the court of that prince in the quality of "Hofrath." He has, therefore, no reason to regret his having quitted the Prussian service, for unless an officer possesses a private fortune, he is greatly to be pitied. A lieutenant's annual pay comes hardly up to thirty pounds. After deducting the charges for his mess and clothes from his monthly allowance, he has but a few shillings left to meet all his other expenses for the month. His position, as an officer and a gentleman, forces him to keep up appearances, and his pecuniary difficulties make his life

one continual torture, and cause him to envy the lot of the non-commissioned officers, who may do as they please, and whose incomes are comparatively much larger. The case has frequently happened that promotion was offered to non-commissioned officers, but they almost invariably refuse it. They refuse it, not on account of any ill-will or contempt shown to them by the other officers of the regiment, but because they prefer their own comparative affluence, to the semi-starvation of a lieutenancy. The economical principles of Prussia, however judicious and praiseworthy, are very hard upon the poor young men who devote themselves to the service of their country; for there is scarcely any chance of promotion to a higher grade. The lieutenants of a regiment rise by seniority. The death or promotion of a higher officer causes a gap now and then, but it is almost imperceptible in the lower regions. Some time ago I fell in with an army list of the year 1819, and was led by curiosity to compare it with a list of 1846. I found that a very great number of the junior lieutenants in 1819, were lieutenants still in 1846. Many of them, I knew, had nothing to live on but their pay, and I felt my heart ache at the idea of the sorrow, misery, and hopelessness of these twenty-seven years of their lives. And how long may they yet have to wait till they obtain the rank of captain, and a competency—that is to say, one hundred per annum! Thirty years' service, and at the end of them, one hundred pounds a year, or an annual pension of fifty pounds instead—these are the allurements of a military career in Prussia!

There is a hackneyed proverb about great effects and small causes. The low pay of the Prussian officers may one day be of importance to Europe. There are no hopes for them in time of peace: they are mad for war. "Death or promotion!" is their cry. It has been said that economy is the least important of the reasons which makes the Prussian War Office so cruel to the poor lieutenants, but that they are starved on the same principle as keepers do dogs in a kennel—to make them more eager to hunt down the game. But the experiment, at best, may prove an unsuccessful, if not a dangerous one. Dogs have been known to turn upon their keepers, whom they have devoured. Starvation, though it has produced a warlike enthusiasm in the minds of the Prussian officers, has failed in making them enthusiastic on the subject of the reigning family. They have been demoralized by hopelessness and misery. The proud among them are sullen and discontented; the less lofty of mind are toadies and sponges. Other absolute governments lean on a strong military party; they brave the people by petting the army. The house of Hohenzollern has no such party to lean on. Their lower officers will fight for them, it is true; but so impatient are they of a change, that they will also fight against them. The policy of the court of Berlin is selfish in the extreme. Half a century of that policy has not been lost upon the people; it has made them selfish. The Prussian national

defences, though perfect in their kind, can, under existing circumstances, only serve to intimidate. The court of Berlin has, on the strength of them, a voice in the Council of Kings; its representatives *seem* to hold a heavy weight, which they may drop into any scale. But this is *seeming*, and seeming only. The Prussian armies, though ready to shed their blood in the real defence of their country, will be found on trial to be very backward to promote a policy, from which they can expect no good result for themselves, or to defend the throne of a king whom the natives of the Duchies of Cleve, Iüllich, Berg, of Westfalia, and of Posen, consider almost as much a foreigner as the King of France. The intrigue, which, according to documents published by Louis Blanc,* was being hatched between the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, Charles X., may appear improbable in our days; but it is not impossible. The courts of Petersburg and Paris had almost agreed on a plan of dividing Prussia in the manner in which Poland had been divided. Russia was to have the Polish and France the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, while Austria was to come in for Silesia. A project of this kind would find the king of Prussia perfectly helpless. It is a great question whether the landwehr of those provinces would risk their lives and property in the cause of a king, who has not realized one of the hopes that were founded upon his accession to the throne. They would remember the *old* fable of the donkey and its master. But even if they would fight, they would have formidable odds against them, from being unaccustomed to real, matter-of-fact, war. A peace of thirty-three years' duration has left Prussia but a few veteran officers who have actually seen a field of battle. Even they have half forgotten what they then did learn. The wars of 1813 to 1815—the wars of *liberation*, as they were called at the time, were never great favorites with the kings of Prussia. A pledge was then given, which has since been violated. The old warriors of Leipsig and Waterloo, the men who fought under Gneisenau and Blücher, have been left to starve on miserable pensions. But few of them remain, and those few are not fit for war. Almost all other nations of Europe have regiments and armies that have braved the dangers, and know the vicissitudes of battles. England had her Chinese and Indian wars; France had Algiers, and Russia the Balkan and the Caucasus. Prussia alone has an army that has seen no fire, that has had none but prepared bivouacs; an army, whose knowledge of dangers is confined to the casualties of a parade, and whose skill has only been tested by grand reviews. Her soldiers are men of peace; her veterans have grown hectic over the desks of village courts, or their limbs have got cramped by the hard seat of a diligence. On a fine summer's afternoon in 1843, I was a passenger in the diligence between Elberfeld and Hückeswagen. As the carriage was slowly pro-

* Louis Blanc: Histoire de Dix Ans, Vol. 1.

ceeding up the mountain, at whose foot the town of Elberfeld is situated, I heard the report of small cannon from the valley below.

"What does this mean?"

"They are firing cannon," said the guard, who was sitting by my side; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; the more fools they!"

He was a fine old man, with snow-white hair. He had a deep scar on his forehead; one of his arms was lame. He wore three orders on his rough blue coat.

"You have been in the wars, conducteur?"

"I have. I fought from 1807 till 1814. I was of the King's own Hussars; a fine regiment, sir! I have four wounds on my body; the last was a ball, which broke my arm."

"But you are a bad Prussian, conducteur. You say the patriots down there are fools!"

"Damn Prussia, sir! But no! I will not curse my country! May God pardon those who make an old man curse on the very day he received his last wound! But they are fools, sir, with their firing. What has the battle of Waterloo done for them? What has it done for us, who have fought in that long and cruel war? Here I am a broken cripple; here I am in my carriage, going my stages, summer and winter, day and night; weekdays and Sundays. There is no rest, no sleep, hardly any bread to eat! Could they not spare some gold from the spoils of Napoleon, to feed the invalids who rescued the Prussian crown by their blood and their limbs? Fools! fools! are they who rejoice on this day!"

The old man's face was as pale as death, and his thin body trembled with the violence of his passion. He was right; there was no food, no rest, no sleep for him! I have often thought of that Prussian veteran. Poor old man, he is now at rest!

From the Examiner.

The Planet Neptune: an Exposition and History. By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

The Stellar Universe: Views of its Arrangements, Motions and Evolutions. By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

THE delicate state of Professor Nichol's health is understood to have prevented his distinguishing himself in the field of astronomical observation and discovery, to the full extent of his zeal and talents; but as herald to the general public of the newest progress and state of the science, and as a missionary of the study, his labors are invaluable.

His *Planet Neptune* is another of his well-timed expositions of the most recent achievements of astronomers, and of their importance. The prognostication (upon strictly mathematical deductions from pre-ascertained data) that a new planet, occupying a certain place in the solar system, might be discovered by telescopic observation in a certain region of the heavens, afterwards confirmed by the actual

discovery of the planet in the very region indicated, is well calculated to enhance our estimate of the powers and destinies of the human mind. That this discovery should have been made nearly at the same time by two entirely unconnected and independent thinkers, pursuing the same train of investigation, increases our confidence in the science to which they are devoted. The earth is one hundred millions of miles distant from the sun; Uranus is nineteen times further off; by hypothesis the newly discovered planet was expected to be twice as far. M. Leverrier predicted that its heliocentric longitude on the 1st of January, 1847, would be $326^{\circ} 32'$; it was actually found to be $327^{\circ} 24'$, less than one degree of difference in the 360° which compose the circle! The planet was found, indeed, to be considerably nearer the sun than previous observations of planetary intervals had led Messrs. Adams and Leverrier to expect; but its less bulk accounts for the diminished disturbing influence, which had been attributed to its greater remoteness.

Professor Nichol's observations on the position of M. Leverrier, while announcing his discovery to the French Academy, are equally eloquent and just:

His labors at length were terminated; and he announced finally to the French Academy the following elements:—

Radius of the orbit,	36.154 times that of the earth.
Period of revolution,	217.387 years.
Mean longitude, }	318.47
Jan. 1, 1847, }	1
Mass	- - -

From which an easy computation showed that the true heliocentric longitude on 1st January, 1847, must be $326^{\circ} 32'$

instead of 325°

as roughly given by his first approximation. How singular that scene in the Academy! A young man, not yet at life's prime, speaking unfalteringly of the necessities of the most august forms of creation—passing onwards where eye never was, and placing his finger on that precise point of space in which a grand orb lay concealed; having been led to its lurking-place by his appreciation of those vast harmonies, which stamp the universe with a consummate perfection! Never was there accomplished a nobler work, and never work more nobly done! It is the eminent characteristic of these labors of Leverrier, that at no moment did his faith ever waver; the majesty of the enterprise was equalled by the resolution and confidence of the man. He trod those dark spaces as Columbus bore himself amid the waste ocean; even when there was no speck or shadow of aught substantial around the wide horizon—holding by his conviction in those grand verities, which are not the less real because above sense, and pushing onwards towards his New World!

To his exposition of the process by which the discovery was made, Professor Nichol has added a dispassionate and earnest estimate of the merits of the English and of the French discoverer; and of the part taken by several eminent scientific characters in regard to the discovery, and the controversy which has arisen out of it. With obvious

regret Professor Nichol feels himself called upon to condemn the language used by M. Arago in reference to the claims of Mr. Adams; and in doing so takes occasion to hazard an important practical suggestion relative to our own Royal Society.

I can comprehend the vindictiveness of Arago. I can understand on his part a vehemence, prepared even to crush—worthily or otherwise—alike truth and opposition; for *La Grande Nation* has never been in high repute for tenderness towards men who would share its glory, or of toleration for foreign claims. But that the body in England, whose duty—if not its foremost one, certainly with lower sanctions than none—has been understood by the state to be protective of the rights of its meritorious countrymen—that this body, composed of the élite of British men of science, and of British noblemen and gentlemen, should have bowed itself before Gallic pretension, and purchased some hollow compliments about liberality and freedom from prejudice, by the sacrifice of the then obscure graduate of Cambridge; yes! this almost inclines one to the hope that the name of Adams may never illustrate its roll! Of this act of our Royal Society I have heard but one opinion; and it is further unfortunate, that without such a retracing of steps as false pride is always sufficiently potent to prohibit, the error and injustice do not appear remediable. One thing, however, is remediable, viz., those faults in the constitution of this important Society which render so great and grievous erring possible at any moment. The occasion ought not to pass without serious inquiry as to the nature of that malformation which has thus far denationalized it, or so lamentably weakened its sympathies with merit, however illustrious, provided that at the time it is untitled and obscure; and also wherein is that difference which in the Institute of France has substituted for cold hauteur—uninformed as freezing—an active and earnest friendship for any Frenchman, whatever his condition or existing fame, who manifests desire and ability to illustrate and enlarge the glory of France!

We are happy to direct attention to this passage at this particular time, when it is understood that a duty is about to devolve on the Royal Society which will test its character, and mark its future place amongst the enlightened circles of Europe. To pass once without recognition the services of Mr. Adams, is bad enough, but redeemable: to pass by, for a second time, the transcendent claims and services of Herschel to occupy its chair of presidency, would be a disgrace quite irrecoverable. Let the fellows of the society who are really anxious for its welfare stir themselves in time.

The second publication of Professor Nichol, of which we have given the title, is an attempt to present, in a less expensive form, and in language more on a level with the apprehensions of the young, the substance of some of his earlier works. The *Stellar Universe* will be found useful and interesting to occupants of the upper forms.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, the humble poet of Inverury, has fallen among the thousand sacrifices to the total want of provision in our social scheme for men of

his class. Thom was a weaver, not averse from the patient and courageous industry of his craft. He had faced want and domestic misery without losing his good heart. But he had refined perceptions, which made him conscious of what was uncongenial in his lot; and his natural aspirations received a delusive stimulus from a transient patronage.

The tribe of humble poets and littérateurs are wont to come to London, like moths to the candle, to be scorched and fevered in a blaze that imparts no vital warmth. He was fêted, and probably received some temporary help: he was made to *know* the life of the educated, without being enabled to share it as a denizen. He went back to his loom; bore up bravely against disappointment; sang to the last of cheerfulness and brotherly union; and died. It appears that he had married a second time; and he leaves a widow with several children quite destitute.

It is a disgrace to our social system that this history should so often have to be written. If any proof were needed that refined natures can grapple with the duties of industry, however humble, Thom gave it. But material industry will not supply sustenance for such natures. Out of a congenial atmosphere, they pine and are lost. That is not a fault to deplore, but simply a fact. The fleeting and intoxicating indulgence which such spirits snatch in the saloons of lionizing idlers and professed exhibitors, serves only to excite wants which it supplies no means of satisfying. Yet it would not be impossible to contrive a system of employments which might be performed by men of literary bent, so that they should fulfil the duties of labor, but within an atmosphere suited to their organization. This has been suggested before; but the list of sacrifices continues.

The substitute for a living endowment of literary poverty, now in vogue, is a posthumous subscription to support the widows and orphans. Thom having perished, it is remembered that his wife and children are mortal; and a subscription is set on foot in Dundee, under the lead of the Provost Mr. Thoms, the Reverend George Gilfillan, and other gentlemen. Already we see eminent names in the list of subscribers. It will of course be yet further extended, as humanity seeks to compensate its neglects by these penitential and posthumous attentions.

HOW TO PUNISH THOSE WHO INJURE YOU.—Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote:—"A worthy old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do!' It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, 'God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again!'"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

[We are indebted for this article to the early reprint of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.]

FALL OF THE THRONE OF THE BARRICADES.

"Deus patiens quia Æternus."—ST. AUGUSTIN.

EIGHTEEN years ago, when the throne of Charles X. was overturned amidst the universal exultation of the liberal party in this country, we ventured, amidst the general transports, to arraign the policy and condemn the morality of the change. We pleaded strongly, in several articles,* that that great event foreboded nothing but a long series of calamities to France and to Europe; that liberty had been rendered impossible in a country which, casting aside all the bonds of religion and loyalty, had left no other foundation for government but force; and that the external peace of the continent would be put in imminent peril by an ardent military population, heated by the successful issue of one great revolt, placed in the midst of monarchies in which the feudal institutions and chivalrous feelings were still in ascendancy. We doubted the stability of a government founded on the success of one well-organized urban insurrection; we distrusted the fidelity of men who had begun their career by treachery and treason. Nominally the aggressor, we concluded that Charles X. was really on the defensive; he attempted a *coup d'état*, because government in any other way had become impossible. We were told, in reply, that these were antiquated and exploded ideas; that the revolution was necessary to save the liberties of France from destruction; that a new era had opened upon mankind with the fire of the Barricades; that loyalty was no longer required when the interest of mankind to be well governed was generally felt; and that a throne surrounded by republican institutions was the best form of government, and the only one in which the monarchical principle could any longer be tolerated in the enlightened states of modern Europe.

With how much vehemence these principles were maintained by the whole whig and liberal party in Great Britain, need be told to none who recollect the rise of the dynasty of the Barricades in the year 1830. To those who do not, ample evidence of the general delusion, and of the perseverance with which it was combated, will be found in the pages of this Journal for 1831 and 1832. Time has rolled on, and brought its wonted changes on its wings. More quickly than we anticipated, the perilous nature of the convulsion which had proved victorious was demonstrated—more clearly than we ventured to predict, was the necessity of Prince Polignac's ordinances demonstrated. It soon became apparent that France could be governed only by force.

The government of Louis Philippe was a continual denial of its origin—an incessant effort to crush the spirit which had raised it. The repeated and sanguinary disorders in Paris; the two dread-

ful insurrections in Lyons; the awful drowning of the revolt of the cloister of St. Méry in blood, demonstrated, before two years had elapsed, that the government had felt the necessity of extinguishing the visionary ideas which had been evoked, as the means of elevating itself into power. More than once it stood on the edge of the abyss; and it was saved only by the vigor of the sovereign, and the newly awakened terrors of the holders of property, which prevented them from openly coalescing with the determined republicans, who aimed at overturning all the institutions of society, and realizing in the nineteenth century the visions of Robespierre and Babeuf in the eighteenth. In the course of this protracted struggle, the new government felt daily more and more the necessity of resting their authority on force, and detaching it from the anarchical doctrines, amidst the triumphs of which it had taken its rise. Paris was declared in a state of siege; the ordinances of Polignac were reënacted with additional rigor; the military establishment of the country was doubled; its expenditure raised from nine hundred millions to fifteen hundred millions francs; an incessant and persevering war waged with the democratic press; and Paris surrounded by a chain of forts, which effectually prevented any other will from governing France but that of the military who were in possession of their bastions. Such was the result to the cause of freedom in France of the triumph of the Barricades.

But in eighteen years an entirely new generation rises to the active direction of affairs. In 1848, the personal experience, the well-founded fears, the sights of woe which had retained the strength of France round the standards of the Barricades, were forgotten. The fearful contests with anarchy by which the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe had been marked, had passed into the page of history, that is, were become familiar to a tenth part only of the active population. To those who did learn it from this limited source, it was known chiefly from the volumes of M. Louis Blanc, who, in his "Ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe," painted that monarch in no other light but as one of the most deceitful and sanguinary tyrants who ever disgraced humanity. Thus the lessons of experience were lost to the vast majority of the active citizens. The necessity of keeping at peace, which Louis Philippe so strongly felt, and so energetically asserted, became in the course of years an insupportable restraint upon a people fraught with revolutionary ideas, and heated by the glowing recollections of the empire. A nation containing six millions of separate landed proprietors,* the great majority of whom were at the plough, and not possessed of six pounds a year in the world, necessarily chafes against any power which imposes the restraints of order and peace on the appetite for plunder and the lust of conquest. This was the true secret of

* On the French Revolutions," Nos. I.—V. Jan.—May, 1831.

* 5,468,000 in 1836, which must be at least 6,000,000 in 1848.—*Statistique de la France*—(Agriculture, 84-89.)

the fall of the dynasties of the Restoration and the Barricades. They fell because they kept the nation at peace with its neighbors, and at peace with itself—because they terminated the dream of foreign conquest, and checked the visions of internal utopia; because they did not, like Napoleon, open the career of arms to every man in the country capable of carrying a musket; or, like Robespierre, pursue the supposed advantage of the working classes by the destruction of every interest above them in society. Had either Charles X. or Louis Philippe been foreign conquerors, and the state of Europe had permitted of their waging war with success, they would have lived and died on the throne of France, and left an honored crown to their successors. There never were monarchs who mowed down the population and wasted the resources of France like Napoleon and Louis XIV.; but as long as they were successful, and kept open the career of elevation to the people, they commanded their universal attachment. It was when they grew unfortunate, and could call them only to discharge the mournful duties of adversity, that they became the objects of universal execration. The revolution has ever been true to its polar star, viz., worldly success.

In making these observations, we must guard against being misunderstood. We do not assert that the *present* leaders of the revolution desire foreign war, or are insincere in the pacific professions which they have put forth in their public proclamations. We have no doubt that "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," is what they really desire; and that with England in particular they are sincerely desirous to remain, at present at least, on terms of amity. The early promoters of the revolution of 1789—Sièyes, Bailly, Mirabeau, and Lafayette—were equally loud and probably sincere in their pacific protestations at the outset of the first convulsion. What we assert is another proposition entirely corroborated by past history, and scarcely less important in its present application—viz., that the members of the existing revolutionary government are placed in a false position; that they have been elevated to power by the force of passion, and the spread of principles inconsistent with the existence of society; that if they continue to fan them, they will ruin their country, if they attempt to coerce them, they will be destroyed themselves. This is the constant and dreadful alternative in which a revolutionary government is placed, and which has so uniformly led in past history to what is called a departure from the principles of freedom by its successful leaders. It was this which brought Lafayette into such discredit in Paris, that his life was saved only by his fortunate confinement in an Austrian dungeon; it was this which rendered Mirabeau in the end a royalist, and forever ruined him in popular favor; it was this which made Robespierre strive to restore the sway of natural religion in the infidel metropolis; it was this which gave Napoleon such a horror of the metaphysical "Ideologues," who, according to him, had ruined France, and rendered

him the resolute and unbending opponent of the revolution. But even Napoleon's iron arm was unequal to the task of arresting the fiery couriers of democracy: he only succeeded in maintaining internal tranquillity by giving them a *foreign* direction. He turned them not against the Tuileries, but against the Kremlin; he preserved peace in France only by waging war in Europe. A "Napoleon of Peace" will never succeed in restraining the revolution.

Observe the pledges with which the provisional government are commencing their career. They are, that the state is to provide employment for all who cannot procure it from private individuals; that an ample remuneration is to be secured to labor; that the right of combination to raise wages is to be protected by law; that the house of peers is to be abolished, as well as all titles of honor, the bearing of which is to be absolutely prohibited; that a noble career to all Frenchmen is to be opened *in the army*; the national representation is to be placed on the most democratic basis of a national assembly, elected by *nine millions* of electors; all burdens on subsistence are to be abolished; unlimited circulation is to be provided for newspapers and the extension of knowledge; but *the taxes*, in the mean time at least, are to undergo *no diminution*. These promises and pledges sufficiently demonstrate what interest in the state has *now* got the ascendancy. It is the interest, or rather *supposed* interest, of *labor*, in opposition to that of capital—of numbers against property.

The revolution that has taken place is a communist or *socialist* triumph; the chiefs who have been installed in power are the leaders of the party who think that the grand evil of civilization is the encroachment of the profit of capital on the wages of labor, and that the only effectual remedy for them is to be found in the forcible diminution of the former and extension of the latter.

The doctrine of this party in France has long been, that Robespierre perished because he did not venture to pronounce the word, *agrarian law*. It would be to little purpose to pronounce that word now, when the republic has got nearly six millions of separate proprietors, most of them not worth six pounds a year each. There is little but sturdy resistance to be got by attempting to spoliolate this immense and indigent body, as they have spoliolated the old territorial proprietors. But the capitalists and shopkeepers of towns stand in a different situation. In their hands, since the fall of Napoleon, very considerable wealth has accumulated. The peace and order maintained by the governments of the Restoration and the Barricades, though fatal to themselves, has been eminently favorable to the growth of bourgeois opulence. It is against *that* opulence that the recent revolution was directed. The shopkeepers, deluded to their own destruction, began the insurrection; they surrounded and compelled the abandonment of the Tuileries. All successful convulsions are headed, in the first instance at least, by a portion of the higher or middle ranks. But they were soon passed by the rabble who

followed their armed columns; and when the tumultuous mob broke into the chamber of deputies, fired at the picture of Louis Philippe, and pointed their muskets at the head of the Duchess of Orleans, it was too late to talk of Thiers and Odillon Barrot; the cause of reform was already passed by that of revolution; and nothing could serve the victorious and highly excited multitude, but the abolition of monarchy, peers, and titles of honor, and the vesting of government in the hands of dreamers on equality, and leaders of trades' unions in France.

Let the national guard, who brought about the revolution, and seduced or overcame the loyalty of the troops of the line, explain, if they can, the benefit *they* are likely to derive from this triumph of socialism over bourgeoisie, of labor over capital, of numbers over property. The revolution was the work of their hands, and they must reap its fruits, *as unquestionably they will bear its responsibility*. It is of more importance for us in this country to inquire how the promises made by government, and the expectations formed by the people, are to be realized in the present social and political state of France. Already, before the *Io Paans* upon the fall of the Orleans dynasty have ceased, the difficulties of the new government in this respect have proclaimed themselves. Columns of *ten and fifteen* thousand workmen daily wait on the administration to insist on the immediate recognition of the rights of labor; their demands were promptly acceded to by the decree of 3d March, which fixes the hours of labor in Paris at *ten* hours a day, and in the provinces at *eleven* hours. They were formerly eleven hours in Paris and twelve in the provinces. This is quite intelligible: it is reasonable that the civil praetorian guards of the capital should work less than the serfs of the provinces. Cutting off an hour's labor over a whole country would be deemed a pretty serious matter in "*l'industrielle Angleterre*;" but on the other side of the channel, we suppose, it is a mere bagatelle, important chiefly as showing from what quarter the wind sets. Other prognostics of coming events are already visible. Monster meetings of operatives and workmen in and around Paris continue to be held in the Champ de Mars, to take the interests and rights of labor into consideration: it is probable that they will still further reduce the hours of toil, and proportionately raise its wages. Already the stone-cutters have insisted on a minimum of pay and maximum of work, and got it. Eight hours a day, and ten sous an hour, is their ultimatum. The journalists early clamored for the immediate removal of all duties affecting them. They succeeded in shaking off their burdens; other classes will not be slow in following their example. Meanwhile government is burdened, as in the worst days of the first revolution, with the maintenance of an immense body of citizens with arms in their hands, and very little bread to put into their mouths. How to feed this immense body, with resources continually failing, from the terrors of capital, the flight of the English from Paris, and the dimin-

ished expenditure of all the wealthier classes would, according to the former maxims of government, have been deemed a matter of no small difficulty. But we suppose the regenerators of society have discovered some method of arriving, with railway speed, at public opulence amidst private suffering.

The melancholy progress of the first revolution has naturally made numbers of persons, not intimately acquainted with its events, apprehensive of the immediate return of the reign of terror and the restoration of the guillotine into its terrible and irresistible sovereignty in France. Without disputing that there is much danger in the present excited and disjointed state of the population of that country, there are several reasons which induce up to believe that such an event is not very probable, at least in the *first instance*, and that it is from a different quarter that the real danger that now threatens France is, in the outset, at least, to be apprehended.

In the first place, although the reign of terror is over, and few indeed of the actual witnesses are still in existence, yet the recollection of it will never pass away: it has affixed a stain to the cause of revolution which will never be effaced, but which its subsequent leaders are most anxious to be freed from. Its numerous tragic scenes—its frightful atrocity—its heroic sufferings, have indelibly sunk into the minds of men. To the end of the world, they will interest and melt every succeeding age. The young will ever find them the most engrossing and attractive theme—the middle-aged, the most important subject of reflection—the old, the most delightful means of renewing the emotions of youth. History is never weary of recording its bloody catastrophes—romance has already arrayed them with the colors of poetry—the drama will ere long seize upon them as the finest subjects that human events have ever furnished for the awakening of tragic emotion. They will be as immortal in story as the heroes of the Iliad, the woes of the Atrides, the catastrophe of *Œdipus*, the death of Queen Mary. So strongly have these fascinating tragedies riveted the attention of mankind, that nothing has ever created so powerful a moral barrier against the encroachments of democracy. The royal, like the Christian martyrs, have lighted a fire which, by the grace of God, will never be extinguished. So strongly are the popular leaders in every country impressed with the moral effects of these catastrophes, that their first efforts are always now directed to clear every successive convulsion of their damning influence. Guizot and Lafayette, at the hazard of their lives, in December, 1830, saved Prince Polignac and M. Peyronnet from the guillotine; and the first act of the provisional government of France, in 1848, to their honor be it said, was to proclaim the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, in order to save, as they intended, M. Guizot himself.

In the next place, the bloodshed and confiscation of the first revolution have, as subsequent

writers have repeatedly demonstrated, so completely extinguished the elements of national resistance in France, that the dangers which threatened its progress and ensanguined its steps no longer exist. It was no easy matter to overturn the monarchy and church of old France. It was interwoven with the noblest, because the most disinterested, feelings of our nature—it touched the chords of religion and loyalty—it was supported by historic names, and the lustre of ancient descent—it rested on the strongest and most dignified attachments of modern times. The overthrow of such a fabric, like the destruction of the monarchy of Great Britain at this time, could not be effected but by the shedding of torrents of blood. Despite the irresolution of the king, the defection of the army, the conquest of the capital, and the emigration of the noblesse, accordingly, a most desperate resistance arose in the provinces; and the revolution was consolidated only by the *mitraillades* of Lyons and Toulon, the *noyades* of the Loire, the proscriptions of the convention, the blood of La Vendée. France was not then enslaved by its capital. But now these elements of resistance to the government of the dominant multitude at Paris no longer exist. The nobles have been destroyed and their estates confiscated; the clergy are reduced to humble stipendiaries, not superior in station or influence to village school-masters; the corporations of towns are dissolved; the house of peers has degenerated into a body of well-dressed and titled employés. Six millions of separate landed proprietors, without leaders, wealth, information, or influence, have seized upon and now cultivate the soil of France. Power is, over the whole realm, synonymous with office. Every appointment in the kingdom flows from Paris. In these circumstances, how is it possible that resistance to the decrees of the sovereign power, in possession of the armed force of the capital, the treasury, the telegraph, and the post-office, can arise in France elsewhere than in the capital? Civil war, therefore, on an extended scale over the country, is improbable; and the victorious leaders of the revolution, delivered from immediate apprehension, save in their own metropolis, of domestic danger, have no motive for shocking the feelings of mankind, and endangering their relations with foreign powers, by needless and unnecessary deeds of cruelty. It was during the struggle with the patricians that the proscriptions of Sylla and Marius deluged Italy with blood. After they were destroyed, by mutual slaughter and the denunciations of the triumvirate, though there was often the greatest possible tyranny and oppression under the emperors, there was none of the wholesale destruction of life which disgraced the republic, when the rival factions fronted each other in yet undiminished strength.

Although, however, for these reasons, we do not anticipate, at least at present, those sanguinary proscriptions which have forever rendered infamous the first revolution, yet we fear there is reason to apprehend changes not less destructive in their tendency, misery still more widespread in its effects,

destined, perhaps, to terminate at last in bloodshed not less universal. Men have discovered that they are not mere beasts of prey; they cannot live on flesh and blood. But they have learned also that they can live very well on capital and property; and it is against these, in consequence, that the present revolution will be directed. They will not be openly assailed; direct confiscations of possessions have fallen almost as much into disrepute as the shedding torrents of blood on the scaffold. The thing will be done more covertly, but not the less effectually. They will take a leaf out of the former private lives of the Italians, and the recent public history of Great Britain. We have shown them that, under cover of a cry for the emancipation of slaves, property to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions can be quietly and securely destroyed in the colonies; that, veiled under the disguise of placing the currency on a secure basis, a third can be added to all the debts, and as much taken from the remuneration of every species of industry, throughout the country. These are great discoveries; they are the glory of modern civilization; they have secured the support of the whole liberal party in Great Britain. The *objects* of the French revolutionists are wholly different, but the mode of proceeding will be the same. The stiletto and the poison bowl have gone out of fashion; they are discarded as the rude invention of a barbarous age. The civilized Italians have taught us how to do the thing. Slow and unseen poison is the real secret; there are Lucretia Borgias in the political not less than the physical world. The great thing is to secure the support of the masses by loud professions of philanthropy, and the warmest expressions of an interest in the improvement of mankind; and having roused them to action, and paralyzed the defenders of the existing order of things by these means, then to turn the united force of the nation to their own purposes, and the placing of the whole wealth of the state at their disposal. Thus the ends of revolution are gained without its leaders being disgraced; the substantial advantages of a transfer of property are enjoyed without a moral reaction being raised up against it. Fortunes are made by some, without a direct spoliation of others being perceived; multitudes are involved in misery, but then they do not know to what cause their distresses are owing, nor is any peculiar obloquy brought upon the real authors of the public calamities.

We do not say that the present provisional government of France are actuated by these motives, any more than we say that our negro emancipators or bullionists and free-traders meant, in pursuing the system which they have adopted, to occasion the wholesale and ruinous destruction of property, which their measures have occasioned. We consider both the one and the other as *political fanatics*; men inaccessible to reason, insensible to experience; who pursue certain visionary theories of their own, wholly regardless of the devastation they produce in society, or the misery they occa-

sion in whole classes of the state. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than one iota of principle be abandoned." That is the essence of political fanaticism; it rages at present with equal violence on both sides of the channel. The present provisional government of France are some of them able and eloquent—all of them, we believe, well-meaning and sincere men. But they set out with discarding the lessons of experience; their principle is an entire negation of all former systems of government. They think a new era has opened in human affairs; that the first revolution has destroyed the former method of directing mankind, and the present has ushered in the novel one. They see no bounds to the spread of human felicity, by the adoption of a social system different from any which has yet obtained among men. They have adopted the ideas of Robespierre without his blood—the visions of Rousseau without his profligacy.

The writings of Lamartine and Louis Blanc clearly reveal these principles, particularly the "Histoire des Girondins" of the former, and the "Dix Ans de l'Histoire de Louis Philippe" of the latter. Lamartine says the Girondists fell because they did not, on the 10th of August, 1792, when the throne was overturned, instantly proclaim a republic, and go frankly and sincerely into the democratic system. If he himself falls, it will not be from a repetition of the error; he has done what they left undone. We shall see the result. Experience will prove whether, by discarding all former institutions, we have cast off at the same time the slough of corruption which has descended to all from our first parents. We shall see whether the effects of the fall can be shaken off by changing the institutions of society; whether the devil cannot find as many agents among the Socialists as the Jacobins: whether he cannot mount on the shoulders of Lamartine and Arago as well as he did on those of Robespierre and Marat. In the mean time, while we are the spectators of this great experiment, we request the attention of our readers to the following interesting particulars regarding the acts of the new government, the professions they have made, the expectations which are formed of them.

One of the most popular journals of the working classes of Paris—that is, the present rulers of France—the *Democratique Pacifique*, has adopted the following mottoes:—

The Revolution of 1789 has destroyed the old Regime; that of 1848 should establish the new one.

Social reform is the end, as Republic is the means; all the Socialists are Republicans, all the Republicans are Socialists.*

The methods by which the plans of the Socialists are to be worked out, are in the same journal declared to be as follows:

PROGRAMME OF THE PEOPLE.

A man with a heart—a man greatly loved by the

* *Democratique Pacifique*, 1st March, 1848.

working classes, has lent his hand to the formation of a programme dictated by the popular will. The ideas on which it rests, treated as utopian yesterday, have no need to be discussed to-day. The last revolution is an explosion of light which has dissipated the darkness. The Socialist ideas railed at yesterday, accepted to-day, will be realized to-morrow. Its principles are—

I. *The rights of labor.*—It is the duty of the state to furnish employment, and if necessary a minimum of wages, to all the members of society whom private industry does not employ.

II. *House of refuge for industry.*

III. Despotism must be forever disarmed by the transformation of the army into *industrial regiments*, (en *regiments industriels*), suited alike to the defence of the territory and the execution of the great works of the republic.

IV. *Public education*, equal, gratuitous, and obligatory upon all.

V. Savings' banks (*caisses d'épargne*) which keep capital dead, shall be *revivified by labor*; the people who produce all riches can afford to be their own bankers.

VI. A universal reform of *law courts*, juries everywhere.

VII. *Absolute freedom of communications of thought.*

VIII. *A progressive scale of taxation.*

IX. A *progressional tax on machinery* employed in industry.

X. An effectual guarantee for a *fair division of profits* between the capitalists and the workmen.

XI. *A tax on all luxury.*

XII. *Universal suffrage.*

XIII. *A national assembly.*

XIV. *Annual elections by all.*

"Vive la République!
Gardons nos armes!"*

To carry out these principles, they propose a general centralization of all undertakings in the hands of government, to be brought under the direct control of a simple majority of universal suffrage electors. In the same journal we find the following proposals:—

ABSORPTION OF RAILWAYS BY THE STATE.

Let us reproduce to-day, with the certainty of being heard by the country, the wishes which the *Democratique Pacifique* has announced every morning since its origin, seventeen years ago.

I. All railways, roads, canals, and public ways, by which the life of France circulates, to be *absorbed by the state*.

II. The state should undertake all stage-coaches, carriers, wagons, and means of conveyance or transport, of every description.

III. All joint-stock banks should be absorbed by the state—(A l'état les banques confédérées.)

IV. All insurance companies, mines, and salt-works, to be undertaken by the state.

V. No more forestalling, accumulating, regrating, or *anarchical competition*. Feudal industry is pierced to the heart; let us not allow it to raise itself from the dust.†

Such are the proposals to be found in a single journal which represents the ideas that are now fermenting in the mind of France.

These propositions will probably "donnent à pen-

* *Democratique Pacifique*, 1st March, 1848, p. 1. † Ibid.

arr," as the French say, to most of our readers. Some of them will perhaps be of opinion that our lively neighbors are getting on at railway speed in the regeneration of society. We recommend their projects to the consideration of the numerous holders of French railway and other stock, in the British islands. They will doubtless get good round sums for their claims of damages against the French government, when it has *absorbed* all the joint-stock companies of the country!—the more so when it is recollected, 1st, That the damages will be assessed by juries elected by universal suffrage. 2d, That they will be paid by a government appointed by an assembly elected in the same way. We are not surprised, when such ideas are afloat in the ruling and irresistible workmen of Paris, who have just overturned Louis Philippe, at the head of one hundred thousand men, that the French funds have fallen *thirty-five per cent.* in these few days, and railway and other stock in a still greater proportion. The Paris 3 per cents are now (March 18) at 50; the 5 per cents at 72!

Nor let it be said these ideas are the mere dreams of enthusiasts, which never can be carried into practice by any government. These enthusiasts are now the ruling power in the state; their doctrines are those which will quickly be carried into execution by the liberal and enlightened masses, invested by universal suffrage with supreme dominion in the republic. Most assuredly they will carry their ideas into execution; the seed which the liberal writers of France have been sowing for the last thirty years will bring forth its appropriate fruits. What power is to prevent the adoption of these popular and highly lauded "improvements," after the government of Louis Philippe and Guizot has been overturned by their announcement? These persons stood as the barrier between France and the "social revolution" with which it was menaced: when they were destroyed all means of *resisting* it are at an end, and the friends of humanity must trust, to prevent its extension to other states, mainly to the reaction arising from its experienced effects in the land of its birth.

Already there appears, not merely in the language of the popular journals, but in the official acts of the provisional government, decisive evidence that the *socialist ideas* are about to be carried into execution by the supreme authority in France. On March 1st, there appeared the following decree of the provisional government:—

The provisional government, considering that the revolution made by the people should be made for them:

That it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of the working-classes:

That the question of labor is one of supreme importance:

That there can be no higher or more dignified pre-occupation of the republican government:

That it becomes France to study ardently, and to solve a problem which now occupies all the states of Europe:

That it is indispensable, without a moment's de-

lay, to guarantee to the people the fruits of their labors:

The provisional government has decreed,—

That a permanent commission shall be formed, which shall be entitled, "The Commission of Government for the Laborers," and charged, in a peculiar and especial manner, with their lot.

To show the importance which government attaches to this commission, it names one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, president of the commission, and for vice-president, another of its members, M. Albret, mechanical workman.

Workmen are invited to form part of the commission.

It shall hold its sittings in the palace of the Luxembourg.

LOUIS BLANC.

ARMAND MARRAST.

GARNIER PAGES. *

How is the provisional government to *find funds* for the enormous multitudes who will thus be thrown upon them, or to satisfy the boundless expectations thus formed of them, and which their own acts have done so much to cherish? Already the want of money has been experienced. Nearly all the banks of Paris have failed: the savings' banks have been virtually confiscated, by the depositors being paid only a tenth in specie, and the Bank of France has suspended cash payments. The government has got into an altercation with a class of the highest importance, under existing circumstances, which is striving to liberate itself from the imposts which are more immediately felt by it. So early as March 2d, the journalists claimed an exemption from the stamp duties on the public journals; and on the government hesitating to comply with their requests, they loudly demand the dismissal of M. Cremieux, the new minister of justice. The *Democratic Pacifique*, of March 2d, observes—

The greatest danger of our situation is, not that which comes from without, but that which comes from within. The most imminent danger would be the slightest doubt on the intentions of government, the least retrograde step in the presence of events. That disquietude, we are bound to admit, already exists in the minds of many—distrust is the precursor of revolutions.

The government has had under its eyes the conduct of the people. Let it imitate it. Energy, constant energy, is the only way to do good. The people have proved it. It is by energy alone that the prolongation of struggles is prevented—the effusion of blood arrested—dangerous reactions averted.

Forward, and force to power! Such is the double cry of the republic.

The chamber of deputies and of peers must not only be interdicted from meeting; like royalty, they must be abolished.

M. Cremieux, the minister of justice, has forgotten his principles. He is not prepared for the part he has to perform. He blindly yields to old attachments and prejudices. At the moment when the most absolute liberty of the press, the most rapid and ceaseless emission of ideas, is the sole condition of the public safety—at the moment when we are in the midst of a chaos from whence we cannot

* *Democratic Pacifique*, March 1, 1848.

escape if light does not guide our steps—at that moment M. Cremieux proposes to extinguish it—he proposes this, a retrograde step, to the minister of finance—the reestablishment of the stamps on journals.

A revolution of yesterday cannot be thus braved.

These gentlemen wish a republic surrounded by republican institutions.

*The people have not yet laid down their arms.**

The government, after having made a show of resistance, yielded to their masters. The duties on journals were abolished, and absolute freedom given to the pouring of the rankest political poisons into the mind of France.

It is easy to see, with a government resting on such a basis, where the first practical difficulty will be found. Embarrassment of finance is the rock on which it will inevitably split: the more certain that it has been preceded by a huge deficit created by the former government; the more galling that it will be accompanied by the flight or hoarding of capital from the measures of the present one. Capitalists are universally alarmed over the whole country. A monetary crisis, as is the case with all successful revolutions, and that too of the severest kind, has ensued. M. Gouin's bank, the same which formerly bore the name of Lafitte, has failed under liabilities to the extent of three millions. Nearly all the other banking establishments of Paris have already followed the example. The payment of all bills was, by government, postponed for three weeks, from February 28: a further extension of the time of payment for a month after March 20, has been petitioned for by *eight hundred of the first bankers and merchants of Paris*. This amounts to a declaration of a general public and private insolvency. Overwhelmed by the difficulties of his situation, the first minister of finance has resigned; the second, M. Garnier Pages, has published a financial account, which exhibits so deplorable a state of the finances, that it may almost be said to amount to an admission of national bankruptcy. Despite all the efforts made to uphold them, the French three per cents, on this publication, fell to forty-seven. The terrors of the holders of stock are extreme.

An able eye-witness gives the following account of the state of Paris, amidst this terrible social and financial crisis:—

I have seen daily and intimately persons of all parties; legitimists, *conservateurs*, or adherents of the late government—adherents of the Molé ministry of half an hour—adherents of the Barrot ministry, equally short-lived—friends and intimates of members of the provisional government. I can most truly and distinctly affirm, that I saw and heard nothing from any of them but alarm and consternation, mingled with the strongest condemnation of the two conflicting parties whose obstinacy had brought about a collision which everybody had feared, though no one's fears had come within the widest range of the reality. I heard only expressions of the conviction that the present order of things could not last; that, in spite of the heroic efforts,

the excellent intentions, and the acknowledged talents of several members of the government, it had undertaken to construct an edifice which must fall and crush them under its ruins; that it was now forced by fear upon promises, and would be forced upon acts utterly inconsistent with the stability of any government whatever. In short, the profoundest anxiety and alarm is at the heart of the educated classes of France, of whatever party—and, not the least, of those who have undertaken the awful task of ruling her. Of that you may be fully assured.

English liberals will perhaps say, "This we expected; but the people?" Well, I must affirm that, if by "people" they mean the industrious, quiet working-classes, the real basis of society, the object of the respect and solicitude of all enlightened rulers—if they mean these men, the alarm and consternation are greater among them than in the higher classes, in proportion to the slenderness of the resources they have to fall back upon; in many cases this amounts to a sort of blank despair. The more clear-sighted among them see the terrible chances that await them; they see *capital leaving the country, confidence destroyed, and employment suddenly suspended or withdrawn, to an extent never seen before.*

Let me mention a few small but significant facts:—

My locksmith told me he had always employed four men; he has discharged three. An English pastry-cook, who has constantly employed fifteen journeymen, was about to discharge nearly all. *Everybody is turning away servants, especially men, as the more expensive.* I was told that good carriage-horses had been sold for five hundred francs each. A vast number of houses are becoming tenantless; the removal of the English alone would make a visible change in this respect. And what, think you, are the feelings of all the tribe of water-carriers, washer-women, and the humble dependents for existence on these houses? Nothing, during the three days, seemed to be more affecting and alarming than the sight of these humblest ministrants to the prime wants of life rushing from door to door, even in the quietest streets, to get their hard labor accomplished in safety. Our *porteur d'eau* was every morning our earliest informant of the events of the night, and I was struck with the good sense and clearness of his views. "*Ces messieurs parlent d'égalité,*" he said: "*est ce qu'ils veulent se faire porteurs d'eau? C'est absurde—ce sont des mensonges.*" ("These gentlemen talk of equality: will they turn water-carriers? It is absurd—these are lies.") "*Ils vont nous ruiner tous.*" ("They are going to ruin us all.") These last words I heard frequently repeated by persons of the working classes. A poor commissioner, who, for high pay, and through long *détours* conveyed a letter for me on the 23d, came in looking aghast. "*Nous voilà sans maître,*" ("Here we are without a master,") said he. "*Bon Dieu! qu'est ce que nous allons devenir?*" ("Good God! what will become of us?") "*Un pays sans maître ce n'est plus un pays.*" ("A country without a master, is no longer a country.") "*Nous allons retomber dans la barbarie.*" ("We shall fall back into barbarism.") This, indeed, was so soon felt by all, that masters were appointed. But has that restored the feeling of reverence for authority, or of confidence in those who wield it, indispensable to civil society?

I heard with astonishment English people on the road saying, "Oh, all is quiet now." "All is going on very well now." From no Frenchman have

* *Démocratie Pacifique*, March 2, 1848.

I heard this superficial view of the case. Paris is indeed quiet enough, but it is the quiet of exhaustion, fear, distrust, and dejection. The absolute silence of the streets at night was awful. But a few nights before the 22d, I had complained of the incessant roll of carriages during this season of balls. From the night of the 26th to the 3d of March, the most retired village could not have been more utterly noiseless. Not a carriage—not a foot-fall—except at intervals the steady and silent step of the patrol of the national guard, listened for as the sole guarantee for safety. "Every man," said a grocer, wearing the uniform of the guard, to me in his shop, "must now defend his own. We have no protectors but ourselves; no police, no army."—*Times*, March 8, 1848.

These are sufficiently alarming features in the political and social condition of any country; but they become doubly so, when it is recollected that they coëxist with unbounded expectations formed in the laboring masses, in whom supreme power is now both practically and theoretically vested. The revolution has been the triumph of the workmen over the employers, of the "*prolétaires*" over the "*bourgeois*," of labor over capital. How such a triumph is to eventuate with a vehement and indigent population, impelling the government on in the career of revolution, and capital daily leaving the country or hiding itself from the dread of the acts of a government about to be appointed by *nine millions of electors*, is a question on which it well becomes all the holders of property, in whatever rank, seriously to reflect in this country.

Some idea of the extravagance and universality of their expectations may be formed from the following passage in the description of a still later eye-witness:—

Paris is to all appearances tranquil; but there is much agitation that does not show itself outwardly. *The workmen of all trades are intent on legislation which shall secure more wages for less toil.* They beset the Luxembourg with processions, and fill the chamber of peers with deputations. Louis Blanc has discovered that to organize labor in a pamphlet and to put the theory into practice are two very different things. The walls are covered with the manifestoes of the several branches of occupation; every day sees a new crop; they reveal the existence of dissensions among the workmen themselves, though they are all based on nearly the same principles; the seven-hooped pot is to have ten hoops, and it is to be felony to drink small-beer. The *cochers* have secured a tariff, with an advance of wages; the tailors are demanding the same; the "cheap" establishments are in despair, for they supply classes that cannot buy at higher prices. An anxious employer placed the difficulty before some of the men; the only answer recorded was the comforting assurance that everybody will be able to pay five pounds for his coat "as soon as society is regenerated!" What is to be said to such magnificence of hope!—A *citoyen* coat-maker can only shrug his shoulders and wait for the end. One step has been taken that seems likely to lead to it—the commission has opened a *register of all employments*, and all seeking to be employed in Paris. Not till the stern truth is revealed by figures will the full difficulty be known, and some estimate

formed of what a government can *not* do. All the edicts that can be forced from it by the pressure of the hour will break down under the weight of necessity, as they always have done.

Parallel with this agitation, which is material, runs another, which is philosophical. The republic is not perfect enough, and some vile distinctions still exist, irritating to the eye of equality. The government is petitioned to abolish all marks of honor for civilians; the names of distinguished citizens can be recorded in a golden book, a *livre d'or* of the republic, as the recompense of great services; but no cross or riband is to be worn. Equality *devant la mort* is also insisted on; the same place in the cemetery and the same bier for all are to render the grave in appearance, as in reality, the great leveller. This proscription of the poor vanities of life and death is made a serious object by some of the active spirits of the time, as if there were any real importance in them.*—*Times*, March 13th, 1848.

If, with material resources continually and rapidly diminishing, capital leaving the country, employment failing, bankruptcies general, the expenditure of the opulent at an end, the finances of the state in hopeless embarrassment, the French government can satisfy these extravagant wants and expectations without plunging in a foreign war, they will

*The present state of the finances of France is thus explained by the finance minister:—

"On the 1st of January, 1841, the capital of the public debt, the government stock belonging to the sinking fund being deducted, was 4,267,315,402 francs. On the 1st of January, 1848, it amounted to 5,179,644,730 francs. Far from taking advantage of so long a peace to reduce the amount of the debt, the last administration augmented it in those enormous proportions—912,329,328 francs in seven years.

"BUDGETS.

"The budgets followed the progression of the debt.

"Those of 1829 to 1830 amount to 1,014,914,000 francs. The entire of the credits placed at the disposal of the fallen government to the year 1847 amounts to 1,712,979,639f. 62c. Notwithstanding the successive increase of the receipts, the budgets presented each year a considerable deficit. The expenses from 1810 to 1847 inclusively, exceeded the receipts by 604,525,000 francs. The deficit calculated for the year 1848, is 43,000,000 francs, without counting the additional chapter of supplementary and extraordinary credits, which will raise the total amount of the budgets to the charge of the last administration to 652,525,000 francs.

"PUBLIC WORKS.

"The public works heedlessly undertaken simultaneously, at all points of the territory, to satisfy or to encourage electoral corruption, and not with that reserve which prudence so imperiously commanded, have raised the credits to 1,031,000,000 francs. From this sum are to be deducted the sums reimbursed by the companies, amounting to 163,000,000 francs; the last loan, 82,000,000 francs, making together 245,000,000 francs, and leaving a balance of 839,000,000 francs. Out of this sum, 435,000,000 francs has been expended out of the resources of the floating debt, and 404,000,000 francs still remain to be expended on the completion of the works.

"FLOATING DEBT.

"The floating debt increased in proportions not less considerable. At the commencement of 1831 it reached an amount of about 250,000,000 francs. At the date of the 26th of February last it exceeded 670,000,000 francs, to which is to be added the government stock belonging to the savings' banks, 202,000,000 francs, making altogether 972,000,000 francs. Under such a system the position of the central office of the treasury could not often be brilliant. During the two hundred and sixty-eight last days of its existence, the fallen government expended more than 294,800,000 francs beyond its ordinary resources, or 1,100,000 francs per day."—*Report of Finance Minister*, March 9, 1848.

achieve what has never yet been accomplished by man.

Who is answerable for this calamitous revolution, which has thus arrested the internal prosperity of France, involved its finances in apparently hopeless embarrassment, thrown back for probably half a century the progress of real freedom in that country, and perhaps consigned it to a series of internal convulsions, and Europe to the horrors of general war, for a very long period? We answer without hesitation that the responsibility rests with two parties, and two parties only—the king and the national guard.

The king is most of all to blame, for having engaged in a conflict, and when victory was within his grasp, allowing it to slip from his hands from want of resolution at the decisive moment. It is too soon after these great and astonishing events to be able to form a decided opinion on the whole details connected with them; but the concurring statements from all the parties go to prove that on the *first* day the troops of the line were perfectly steady; and history will record that the heroic firmness of the municipal guard has rivalled all that is most honorable in French history. The military force was immense; not less than eighty thousand men, backed by strong forts, and amply provided with all the muniments of war. Their success on the first day was unbroken; they had carried above a hundred barricades, and were in possession of all the military positions of the capital. But at this moment the indecision of the king ruined everything. Age seems to have extinguished the vigor for which he was once so celebrated. He shrank from a contest with the insurgents, paralyzed the troops by orders not to fire on the people, and openly receded before the insurgent populace, by abandoning Guizot and the firm policy which he himself had adopted, and striving to conciliate revolution by the *mezzo termine* of Count Molé, and a more liberal cabinet. It is with retreat in presence of an insurrection, as in the case of an invading army; the first move towards the rear is a certain step to ruin. The moment it was seen that the king was giving way all was paralyzed, because all foresaw to which side the victory would incline. The soldiers threw away their muskets, the officers broke their swords, and the vast array, equal to the army which fought at Austerlitz, was dissolved like a rope of sand. Louis Philippe fell without either the intrepidity of the royal martyr in 1793, or the dignity of the elder house of Bourbon in 1830; and if it be true, as is generally said, that the queen urged the king to mount on horseback and die "*en roi*" in front of the Tuileries, and he declined, preferring to escape in disguise to this country, history must record with shame, that royalty perished in France without the virtues it was entitled to expect in the meanest of its supporters.

The second cause which appears to have occasioned the overthrow of the monarchy in France, is the general, it may be said universal, defection of the national guard. It had been openly

announced that twenty thousand of that body were to line the Champs Elysées in *their uniform* on occasion of the banquet: it was perfectly known that that banquet was a mere pretext for getting the forces of the revolution together; and that the intention of the conspirators was to march in a body to the Tuileries after it was over, and compel the king to accede to their demands. When they were called out in the afternoon, they declined to act against the people, and by their treachery occasioned the defection of the troops of the line, and rendered further resistance hopeless. They expected, by this declaration against the king of their choice, the monarch of the Barricades, to secure a larger share in the government for themselves. They went to the chamber of deputies, intending to put up the Duchess of Orleans as regent, and the Count of Paris as king, and to procure a large measure of reform for the constitution. What was the result? Why, that they were speedily supplanted by the rabble who followed in their footsteps, and who, deriding the eloquence of Odillon Barrot, and insensible to the heroism of the Duchess of Orleans, by force and violence expelled the majority of the deputies from their seats, seized on the president's chair, and, amidst an unparalleled scene of riot and confusion, subverted the Orleans dynasty, proclaimed a republic, and adjourned to the Hotel de Ville to name a provisional government! The account given of this whole revolt by an eye-witness, which has appeared in the *Times*, is so instructive, that we make no apology for transferring it to our columns:—

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 23, Paris was greatly agitated, but no severe fighting had taken place; a few barricades had been raised and retaken by the troops; the plans of the government were complete—Marshal Bugeaud had been named to the command of the forces in Paris, and M. Guizot informed the king that he was confident that the executive government could put down the insurrection. The royal answer was—a dismissal. The king dismissed M. Guizot, and dissolved the cabinet at that momentous instant, when all the energies of united power were required to fight in the streets a battle which it had itself deliberately provoked.

Still, however, the mischief might yet have been repaired if vigorous measures had been taken. But, from that hour, nothing but the most extraordinary blunders and pusillanimity marked the conduct of the court. Count Molé was sent for, and the evening of Wednesday passed in attempts, or no attempts, we hardly know which, on his part, to form a semi-liberal cabinet. In the city, the fall of the Guizot ministry was hailed with acclamation and illumination, as the first sign of popular victory; and at that same critical juncture the fatal discharge of musketry took place opposite the ministry of foreign affairs, which stained the pavement with blood, and inflamed the people to a revolutionary pitch. The night was spent in preparation for a more terrible morrow; but as yet the army had neither fraternized nor laid down its weapons. It was, on the contrary, for the most part prepared to act; but a circumstance occurred at court which totally paralyzed its resistance.

After Count Molé's failure, the king sent for M.

Thiers. That gentleman may be said to have actually formed a cabinet in conjunction with M. Odillon Barrot and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, for they instantly proceeded to the discharge of the highest possible duty which could devolve on ministerial responsibility. The one act of their government was the publication of that inconceivable proclamation, stating that *no further resistance should be made, and the promulgation of orders to the officers commanding regiments to withdraw them.* This was of course the capitulation of the monarchy. Marshal Bugeaud—who had the command of the troops, had now completed his preparations for the general attack of the barricades, and was confident of success—protested most energetically against this extraordinary order, and said that if it was acted on all was lost. The king's then ministers, M. Thiers and M. Barrot, insisted; the king took their advice, and Marshal Bugeaud resigned the command of the troops, observing that it was useless for him to retain it if nothing was done. General Lamoricière was therefore named to the command of Paris, and M. Thiers and his friends proceeded to effect their pacific arrangements. The effects of their orders were immediately perceptible although the declaration of their names was certainly not followed by the consequences they had anticipated. The officers of the army, indignant at so unexpected a termination of their duties, sheathed their swords; the men allowed themselves to be disarmed by the mob, whom they had been ordered not to resist; and the people, encountering no serious opposition except from the municipal guard, which was cut to pieces, rushed on to the conquest of the Palais-Royal and the Tuileries. To sum up this narrative in two words, the dismissal of the Guizot government rendered it impossible for the executive government to act effectually; the subsequent advice of M. Thiers and the resignation of Marshal Bugeaud rendered it impossible to act at all. If this be, as we have every reason to believe it is, a correct narrative of these transactions, we are not surprised that M. Thiers and his colleagues should not have made themselves conspicuous in the subsequent passage of this revolution.

The mob of Paris, at no hour of the day, (the 24th,) was formidable to ten thousand men, much less to a hundred thousand, or at least eighty thousand. On the Thursday (24th) public opinion had abandoned the *émeute*. *The national guard would now have done anything to reproduce order, but they had no time; there was no opportunity to reunite themselves; besides which, they wanted courage and support, and did not even dream of the extreme to which things might be pushed.* There never was, at any time, any *acharnement* among the people; the troops were everywhere well received; not a hostile head looked from a window. It was hoped that something might be done by a demonstration of public opinion, but nothing more. The *émeutiers* the first and second day simply took advantage of the absence of the national guard. They were all the time ill looked on by the real people of Paris, but they were permitted to go on as a means of action on the court and government. The accident, or rather the gross and infamous blunder, committed before the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères, (of which the accounts published are erroneous,) produced a violent irritation, which was ably worked upon by the republican committee, who were all along on the watch; but this irritation, which certainly changed the character of the contest, gave no arms to the people; and although it increased their num-

bers (they were never, even numerically, formidable, as I have said) to ten thousand men. As for the barricades, there was not one that was ever defended except against some weak patrol, and then, after a little popping, it was always abandoned. Literally, there was no fighting; there was skirmishing on the part of the brave municipals—the only force that acted—and I presume it acted on orders which did not emanate from the chief military authority, but had some separate and general instructions of its own. Literally, I repeat, there was no fighting. How could there be! There were no arms; that is, not a musket to a hundred men, till eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, when the troops, without orders—except “not to fire,” or act against the people—became, in several parts of Paris, mixed up and united with them.—*Times*, March 8 and 14, 1848.

Here, then, is the whole affair clearly revealed. It was the timidity of government, and the defection of the national guard, which ruined everything; which paralyzed the troops of the line, encouraged the insurgents, left the brave municipal guards to their fate, and caused the surrender of the Tuileries. And what has been the result of this shameful treachery on the part of the sworn defenders of order—this “*civic*” prætorian guard of France? Nothing but this, that they have destroyed the monarchy, ruined industry, banished capital, rendered freedom hopeless, and made bankrupt the state! Such are the effects of armed men forgetting the first of social duties, that of fidelity to their oaths. How soon were these treacherous national guards passed in the career of revolution by the infuriated rabble! How soon were Odillon Barrot and Thiers supplanted by Lamartine and Arago! How rapidly were the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris expelled at the point of the bayonet from the chamber of deputies—the cry for reform drowned in that of revolution! How many of the twenty thousand national guards, who by their treachery brought about the revolution, will be solvent at the end of two months? Not a tenth of their number. They will perish deservedly and ignobly; ruined in their fortunes, beggared in their families, despised by their compatriots, execrated by Europe! That they may anticipate what history will say of their conduct, let them listen to the verdict which it has pronounced on the national guard which, on a similar crisis, 10th August, 1792, betrayed Louis XVI., as pronounced by an authority whom they will not suspect of leaning to the royalist side—M. Lamartine.

The national guard, on the 10th August, returned humiliated and in consternation to their shops and counting-houses; they had justly lost the lead of the people. Thenceforth it could no longer aspire but to be the parade force of the revolution, compelled to assist at all its acts, at all its fêtes, at all its crimes; a vain living decoration of all the mechanists of the revolution.*

Of which revolution is Lamartine now speaking; of that of 10th August, 1792, or of 24th February,

* Lamartine, “*Histoire des Girondins*,” iii., 244, 245.

1848! Beyond all doubt history will pass a severer judgment on the treachery which overthrew Louis Philippe than on that which consummated the destruction of Louis XVI.: for the former had the example of the latter for its guide; they knew how soon the massacre of September followed the triumph of August, and what incalculable calamities the defection of their predecessors in the Place Carrousel brought upon their country and Europe.

What benefit have the working classes derived, or are they likely to derive, from this deplorable convulsion? Great ones they doubtless expect, as it has issued in a triumph of labor over capital. But what has it realized? We shall mention one or two particulars to illustrate the benefits hitherto reaped by this class from its victory.

The savings' banks of France had prospered immensely under the firm and pacific government of Louis Philippe. The following account of them is derived from official sources.

The state of the savings' bank, in France at the time of the revolution indicated an extraordinary degree of confidence in the stability of the late government. In 1834 there were only seventy savings' banks in France, and the amount of deposits on hand was 34,000,000 francs. In 1839 there were four hundred and four banks, and the deposits had increased to 171,000,000 francs; in 1848, at the moment of the revolution, the deposits had risen to 355,000,000 francs, or ten times the amount deposited fourteen years before. In 1839 the average value of each deposit was 550 francs, which is probably increased to 600 francs average at the present time. The partial suspension of payment by these institutions must affect at least half a million of persons of the most industrious and economical part of the population, chiefly belonging to the towns, and they are deprived of a large portion of their savings at the very moment they most need them.—*Times*, March 14, 1848.

Now, these savings' banks, holding deposits to the amount of about £14,000,000 at the commencement of the revolution, and which had increased ten-fold during Louis Philippe's reign, have to all practical purposes been rendered bankrupt. Unable to stand the dreadful run upon them after the outbreak, or to realize the amount of their deposits by the sale of their funded property, in consequence of its prodigious fall, they had no resource but to suspend payment. By a decree of government, the holders of deposits in the savings' banks are to receive only a tenth in cash, the remainder being payable six months hence, in a paper now practically worth nothing. By this single result of the revolution, above five hundred thousand of the most meritorious and hard-working of the operatives of France have been in effect deprived of the savings of a whole lifetime.

Nor is the condition of the laboring population in any degree more favored. In the *Times* correspondent from Paris of March 14, we find the following account of their present condition:—

The financial question, the state of trade and commerce, and the task of providing work and food

for the people, with which the government has charged itself, are additional motives for seriousness, however. The credit of more than one banking-house is to day said to be tottering. One firm, it is openly mentioned, has resolved to stop payment to-morrow. Trade is very bad. Work will soon become scarce, and distress and outcry must be expected; and with the knowledge of all these facts, and with the determination to do everything possible for the relief of the working classes, possessed by the provisional government, this source of uneasiness is menacing to-day. I wish a more cheerful view of the situation of affairs were more general than it is, for it might check the departure of rich natives and foreigners from the capital, who continue to retire from it in alarming numbers, and obviously, with no view to return, for we hear of sales of carriages and horses, for a fifth part of the value they bore three weeks since. Twelve thousand servants are said to be already discharged in Paris, and many houses or hotels in the fashionable quarters have become literally devoid of occupants.—*Times*, 14th March, 1848.

That such a state of things must in the end terminate in domestic or foreign war must be evident to all who have looked even on the surface of past events. The causes which at present uphold, and must ere long destroy the republican government in France, are thus ably stated by the Paris correspondent of the same well-informed journal:—

The provisional government continues to exist at the moment only from two causes. The first is, that all respectable persons hasten to its support under the influence of fear. The other day everybody expected to be robbed and murdered; as the provisional government showed a strong desire to preserve order, all those individuals, still surprised to find themselves un plundered and unassassinated, attributed the miracle to the government, and ran to its support in self-defence. The adhesions have been readier and more numerous many times over than in 1830. The second cause which gives a short reprieve to the government is, that it *humors the ferocious monster that made it*—and which is ready at any moment to overturn it as it is set up—by the most absurd indulgences, by still more fatal promises for the future. The same set of ruffians (heroes) who forced the chamber, and who thrust the provisional government on the deputies, are still there to invade the Hotel de Ville, and substitute another idol for Lamartine and Co. Still I believe they will not do so just yet; perhaps we may get on till the constitutional or national assembly meets, but I doubt it. But then, even then—what is to take place? Faction, clubs, war to the knife. The French are precisely the same men they were in '89—they are not changed in the least. Classes have been modified by wealth, commerce, prosperity, &c.; but these are the quiet classes, who will be swallowed up in the course of the next five years. At the present moment the working, or the *soi-disant* working classes, who are literally the sovereign power, are looked upon with fear, disgust, and abhorrence by every man in France of a superior condition, including the national guard; and they are all speculating how to get quit of them, while, on the other hand, Louis Blanc is keeping them quiet by preaching utopianism. He is doing so, honestly and enthusiastically it is said; and certain it is, that a great mass of the people is flattered and

soothed by the idea of converting work into an amusement, of obtaining perpetual easy employment by the state, and a pension at fifty-five years of age. This pause, however, does not deceive the commerce, the capital, the education, of France, and, as I said, the universal consideration now is how to throw off the many-headed tyrant. The plan of doing so, most consonant with the French character, is war. The national guard is convinced they must shortly fight these men themselves, or send them to fight the foreigner; the latter is the expedient that will be hit upon; and unfortunately the state of Europe incites them to interfere in the concerns of others, from whom they will receive invitations which, in the condition of men's minds in this country, it will be impossible for any government to reject. Besides which, even Frenchmen of the best order are, on questions of national glory or honor, not to be relied on for a moment; the best of them may be carried away by a word, a paragraph, a rumor, and all rave "Frontier of the Rhine," "Waterloo," and a thousand other follies, which, however sad, may be excused in the present state of their neighbors, though not for that reason the less to be lamented. In all international questions whatever, the characteristics of the French are arrogance and susceptibility of so extreme a nature that no body of Frenchmen can be dealt with by foreigners. A sovereign and a minister or two in cold blood, and with all the weight of undivided responsibility upon them, are difficult enough to manage even by the ablest and most impartial of negotiators; but the masses must always be intractable.

I give the present provisional government immense credit for their efficient exertions, and I have considerable reliance on the good intentions of the majority of them; but they will not last; and, above all, whether they last or not, they must obey and not pretend to guide. Lamartine, by his genius, has now and then gained a point; but he, as well as the rest, have been rather the organs of the sovereign of the day than his directors and guides.—*Times*, March 13, 1848.

It is not surprising that views of this description should be entertained by all well-informed persons on the spot in France, for the new "national assembly," in whom the formation of a constitution is to be intrusted in that country, is to be composed in such a way as renders the direct or indirect spoliation of property a matter of almost certainty. The following is the decree of the provisional government on the subject:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

The provisional government of the republic, wishing to resign as soon as possible into the hands of the definitive government the powers it exercises in the interest, and by the command of the people, Decrees,

Article 1.—The electoral assemblies are convoked in each district, for the 9th of April next, to elect the representatives of the people in the national assembly, which is to frame the constitution.

Article 2.—The election shall have the population for its basis.

Article 3.—The total number of the representatives of the people shall be 900, including those of Algeria and the French colonies.

Article 4.—They shall be apportioned by the deputies in the proportion indicated in the annexed table.

Article 5.—The suffrage shall be direct and universal.

Article 6.—All Frenchmen 21 years of age, having resided in the district during six months, and not judicially deprived of or suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are electors.

Article 7.—All Frenchmen, 25 years of age, and not judicially deprived of or suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are eligible.

Article 8.—The ballot shall be secret.

Article 9.—All the electors shall vote in the chief town of their district, by ballot. Each bulletin shall contain as many names as there shall be representatives to elect in the department.

No man can be named a representative of the people unless he obtain 2000 suffrages.

Article 10.—Every representative of the people shall receive an indemnity of 25f. per day during the session.

Here is a tolerably democratic constitution, which will probably excite some little disquietude in the breasts of the holders of French stock and railway shares. Universal suffrage—a single assembly of nine hundred members, each of whom is to be paid a pound a day during the session. To make the experiment still more perilous, the minister of public instruction to the provisional government has issued a circular to the ministers of instruction throughout the country, in which he enjoins them to recommend to the people "to avoid the representatives who enjoy the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune."* This circular excited, as well it might, such a panic in Paris, that the other members of the provisional government were obliged to disown it, and M. Ledru Rollin has in consequence resigned. But that only makes matters worse; it shows what the provisional government really meant, and how completely they have already come to stand on the verge of civil war. The projected decree for levelling the national guard, by distributing the companies of *voltigeurs* and *chasseurs* (the *élite*) through the whole mass, has already produced an address by their battalion in uniform, to the provisional government, which was received at the *Hotel de Ville* by an immense crowd with cries of "*A bas les Aristocrates! on ne passe pas!*" It is no wonder the national guard are at length alarmed. The aristocracies of knowledge and property are to be alike discarded! Ignorance and a sympathy with the most indigent class are to be the great recommendations to the electors! This is certainly making root and branch work; it is Jack Cade alive again. Paris, it is expected, will return for its representatives

11 of the provisional government,
5 Socialists,
18 Operatives.

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34

* "La plus grande erreur contre laquelle il faille prémunir la population de nos campagnes, c'est que pour être représentant il soit nécessaire d'avoir de l'éducation ou de

Truly the national guard will soon reap the whirlwind; we are not surprised the French funds have undergone so prodigious a fall. The holders of Spanish bonds and American States debts know how universal suffrage assemblies settle with their state creditors. Sidney Smith has told the world something on the subject.

The "pressure from without" on the provisional government becomes every day more severe and alarming as time rolls on—wages cease, stock falls in value, savings' banks suspend payment, and all means of relief, save such as may be extorted from the fears of the government, disappear. The following is a late account of the state of matters in this important respect, from the French metropolis.

France, crowded, impoverished, indebted, and straitened at all points, sees an opening in the exercise of a sovereign people's will. It gets a glimpse of light and life through the Hotel de Ville. Hence this desperate competition for the national resources; and hence, we grieve to add, this wasteful and improvident distribution.

These deputations are a congenital evil. They began from the very moment the provisional government was proclaimed in the chamber of deputies. Its progress thence from the Hotel de Ville was a deputation. The members immediately began to thunder at the doors and clamor for admittance. A club orator has since boasted that, had it not been for this importunity, nothing would have been done—that not a step has been taken without external impulse, and that the people had to wait two hours, on that wonderful Thursday, before the provisional government would announce a republic. Since that moment the deputations may be said *never to have ceased in Paris*. For the first week they did not effect a distinctive character, but came as accident had thrown them together—*ten thousand from this quarter, and twenty thousand from that; sometimes the people, and sometimes the national guard, or a medley of all sorts. In those days they were armed*. Lamartine had to turn out six times a day, make gestures half an hour for a hearing, and then spend his brilliant eloquence on a field of bayonets and blouses. When the poet had sunk from sheer exhaustion, the indefatigable deputation adjourned to the ministry of the interior, and drew forth M. Ledru Rollin, who had not learned his way about the apartments, or the names of the officials, before he was required to promulgate, off-hand, a complete system for the internal administration of France. It is possible that his first thoughts might have been as good as his second on this subject; but the demand was nevertheless premature. The stream of deputation has since become less turbid, violent and full; but it has been quite continuous, and, to all appearance, *labitur et labitur, in omne volubilis æcum*.

We believe there is not a single branch of employment or of idleness in Paris, that has not marched *en masse* to the Hotel de Ville to demand *more wages, less work, certainty of employment, and a release from all the rules and restrictions which the experience of their masters had found to be necessary*. It is unwise to damp the expectations of five thousand armed men. In some cases, therefore, the government capitulated on rather hard terms. By and by it adopted what we really think *la fortune*.—*Circulaire du Ministre d'Instruction publique, March 6 et 9, 1848.*

the best possible alternative. It requested the trades to nominate their several deputies, and set the operative parliament to adjust all its rival pretensions at the Luxembourg. Then there came deputations of women, of students, of pawn-brokers' tickets, of bankers, of bread-eaters, of bread-makers, of cabmen, of 'bussmen, of sailors, of porters, of everything that had, or had not, an office and a name. France, of course, has had the precedence, having, in a manner, the first start; but the nations of the earth are beginning to find room in the endless procession. All the world will run into it in time. The vast column is just beginning to form in Chinese Tartary, and is slowly debouching round the Caspian Sea. Already we see a hundred European sections. They follow in one another's trail. An Anacharsis Klostz is waiting to receive them at the barriers, and marshal them to the Hotel de Ville.—*Times, March 15, 1848.*

This state of matters is certainly abundantly formidable to France and to Europe. A great experiment is making as to the practicability of the working-classes governing themselves and the rest of the state, without the aid of property or education. France has become a *huge trades union*, the committee of which form the provisional government, and the decrees of which compose the foundation of the future government of the republic. Such an experiment is certainly new in human affairs. No previous example of it is to be found, at least, in the old world; for it will hardly be said that the republic of 1793, steeped in blood, engrossed in war, ruled with a rod of iron by the committee of public salvation, is a precedent to which the present regeneration of society will refer, in support of the principles they are now reducing to practice. We fear its state has been not less justly than graphically described by an able correspondent from Paris, who says—"They are sitting here at a pantomime; everything is grand and glorious; France is regenerated, and all is flourish of trumpets. Meanwhile France is *utterly insane—a vast lunatic asylum without its doctors*."

The present state of Paris (March 21) and the germs of social conflict which are beginning to emerge from amidst the triumph of the Socialists, may be judged of from the following extracts of the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, dated Paris, 18th March:—

Paris, Friday Evening.—There has been another day of great excitement and alarm in Paris. Upwards of thirty thousand of the working classes congregated in the Champs Elysées, and went in procession to the Hotel de Ville to assure the government that it might depend upon their assistance against any attempt that might be made to coerce it, from whatever quarter it came. I need hardly inform you that this formidable demonstration is intended as a *contre coup* to the protest presented by the national guards yesterday against M. Ledru Rollin's decree dissolving the grenadier and light companies of the national guards. It is not the least alarming feature in this affair, that it exhibits an amount of discipline among the working classes, and a promptitude of execution, which are but too sure indications both of the power and the readiness of the leaders of the movement to do mischief. It was only yesterday that the demonstration took place

which displeased the masses; yet, in one short night, the order goes forth, the arrangements are made, and before ordinary mortals are out of their beds, fifty thousand of the working classes are marshalled under their leaders, and on their march to make a demonstration of their force, in presence of the executive government—a demonstration which, on the present occasion, to be sure, is favorable to the government, but which to-morrow may be against it. Who have the orders proceeded from that drew together these masses? How were they brought together? The affair is involved in mystery, but there is enough in it to show an amount of organization for which the public was not prepared; and which ought to show all those within its operation that they are sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder. The fact is—and there is no denying or concealing it—Paris is in the possession of the clubs, who rule not only it, but the ostensible government. The national guards, so powerful only a week ago, are now impotent whether for good or evil. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” The national guards have quarrelled. The chasseurs look with jealousy on the *compagnies d'élite*—the *compagnies d'élite* will not fraternize with the chasseurs. The eighty-four thousand men, who formed the national guards before the 24th of February, look with contempt on the one hundred and fifty thousand new men thrust into their ranks by M. Ledru Rollin, for election purposes, and call them *canaille*. The new levies feel that they cannot compete in wealth with the good company in which they so unexpectedly find themselves, and they call the old guards *aïstocrats*. Add to this the discontent of the grenadier and light companies at being deprived of their distinctive associations and dress, the displeasure of the old officers, who are about to be deprived of their epaulettes by their new and democratic associates, and the intriguing of the would-be officers to secure a majority of suffrages in their own favor, and you may arrive at a judgment of the slight chance there is of the national guards of the present day uniting for any one purpose or object. The result of this is obvious. In case of an outbreak, the national guards, who were so useful in re-establishing order on the two days after the abdication of Louis Philippe, could no longer be depended on. Paris would be in possession of the mob, and that mob is under the direction of leaders composed of the worst and the most unscrupulous of demagogues.

The same correspondent adds :—

The financial and commercial crisis which has created such ravages here for the last week is rapidly extending. I have already given you a distressing list of private bankers who have been obliged to suspend payment. Another bank, though not one of any great name, was spoken of yesterday as being on the eve of bankruptcy; but on inquiry, I find that the bank is still open this morning, although it is doubtful if it will continue so to the end of the day. I abstain from mentioning the name. The commercial world is just in as deep distress as the financial world. *Every branch of trade is paralyzed*. It is useless to attempt to give particular names or even trades. I shall, therefore, only mention, that in one branch of trade, which is generally considered one of the richest in France, namely, the metal trade, there is an almost total suspension of payments. It is not that the traders have not property, but that they cannot turn it into cash. They have acceptances to meet, and they have ac-

ceptances in hand, but they cannot pay what is due by them, for they cannot get what others owe. In short, *trade is paralyzed*, for the medium by which it is ordinarily carried on has disappeared. In other trades precisely the same circumstances occur; but I only mention this one trade as showing the position of all others. How long is this to last? No one can say; but one thing certain is, that no symptom of amelioration has hitherto shown itself.—*Morning Chronicle*, March 20.

As the experiment now making in France is new, and in the highest degree important, so it is to the last degree to be wished that it may go on *undisturbed*. The other powers of Europe cannot be too much on their guard against it; but no armed intervention should be attempted, if France retains the pacific attitude she has hitherto assumed in regard to other states. The republicans of that country have never ceased to declare that the first revolution terminated in internal bloodshed, military despotism, and foreign subjugation, because it was not let alone—because the Girondists plunged it into war, in order to provide a vent for the ardent passions and vehement aspirations of the unemployed multitudes in that country. Lamartine admits, in his celebrated circular, that in 1792 “war was a necessity to France.” He disclaims, as every man of the least knowledge on the subject must do, the idea that it was provoked by the European powers, who, it is historically known, were drawn into it when wholly unprepared, and as unwillingly as a conscientious father of a family is forced into a duel. Lamartine says the same necessity no longer exists—that the world has become pacific, and that internal regeneration, not foreign conquest, is the end of this revolution. We hope it is so. We are sure it is ardently desired in this country that pacific relations should not be disturbed with the great republic, provided she keeps within her own territory, and does not seek to assuage her thirst at foreign fountains. By all means let the long-wished-for experiment be made. Let it be seen how society can get on without the direction of property and knowledge. Let it be seen into what sort of state the doctrines of the Socialists and St. Simonians, the dictates of the trades-unions, the clamor of the working masses, will speedily reduce society. Theirs be the glory and the honor if the experiment succeeds—theirs the disgrace and the obloquy if it fails. Let all other nations stand aloof, and witness the great experiment—“A clear stage and no favor” be the universal maxim. But let every other people abstain from imitating the example, *till it is seen how the experiment has succeeded in the great parent republic*. It will be time enough to follow its footsteps when experience has proved it is conducive to human happiness and social stability.

But while, as ardently as any socialist in existence, we deprecate the commencement of hostilities, by any European power, and earnestly desire to see the great social experiment now making in France brought to a pacific issue, in order that its practicability and expedience may forever be determined among men, yet it is evident that things

may take a different issue in that country. It is possible—though God forbid we should say it is probable—that the great republic may, from internal suffering, be driven to foreign aggression. This, on Lamartine's own admission, has happened once: it may happen twice. France has four hundred thousand regular troops under arms; and every man capable of bearing a musket is to be forthwith enrolled in the national guard. Twenty-five thousand of that body have already been taken into regular and permanent pay, at thirty sous, or about fifteen pence, a day, and sent to the frontier. It is impossible to say how soon this immense and excited mass, with arms in their hands, and little food in their stomachs, may drive the government, as in 1792 they did that of the Girondists, on Lamartine's admission, into foreign warfare. It behoves Europe to be on its guard. Fortunately the course which its governments should pursue in such an event lies clear and open. They have only to resume the Treaty of Chaumont, concluded in 1813, to curb the ambition of the great military republic, of which Napoleon was the head. Let that treaty be secretly but immediately renewed as a purely defensive league. Let no one think of attacking France; but the moment that France invades any other power, let the four great powers forthwith bring a hundred and fifty thousand each into the field. Let not the wretched mistake be again committed, of the others looking tamely on when one is assailed—"et dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur."* The moment the French cross the Rhine or the Alps, the states of Europe must stand side by side as they did at Leipsic and Waterloo, if they would avoid another long period of oppression by the conquering republicans.

Nearly sixty years have elapsed since Mr. Burke observed—"The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex—that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unlounght grace of life—the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiments—is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half of its evil, by losing all its grossness."† What a commentary on these well-known and long-admired words have recent events afforded! It is indeed gone, the loyalty to rank and sex—the proud submission, the dignified obedience, the subordination of the heart, which formerly characterized and adorned the states of modern Europe. With more courage than the German Empress, the Duchess of Orleans fronted the revolutionary mob in the chamber of deputies; but no swords leapt from their scabbards in the

chamber of deputies when her noble appeal was made to the loyalty of France—no generous hearts found vent in the words, "Moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa." It could no longer be said—

Fair Austria spread her mournful charms—

The queen, the beauty, roused the world to arms.

The infuriated rabble pointed their muskets at the royal heroine, and the few loyal members of the assembly were glad to purchase her safety by removing her from the disgraceful scene. Not a shot was thereafter fired; not a show even of resistance to the plebeian usurpation was made. An army of four hundred thousand men, five hundred thousand national guards, thirty-four millions of men, in a moment forgot their loyalty, broke their oaths, and surrendered their country to the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants.

"The unbought grace of life," says Mr. Burke, "the cheap defence of nations, is at an end." What a commentary has the triumph of the barricades, the government of Louis Philippe, afforded on these words! M. Garnier Pages, in his financial report, has unfolded the state of the French finances, the confusion and disastrous state of which he is fain to ascribe to the prodigal expenditure and unbounded corruption of Louis Philippe. He tells us, and we doubt not with truth, that during the seventeen years of his government, the expenditure has been raised from 900,000,000 francs (£36,000,000) to 1,700,000,000 francs (£68,000,000); that the debt has been increased during that period, by £64,000,000; and that the nation was running, under his direction, headlong into the gulf of national bankruptcy. He observes, with a sigh, how moderate in comparison, how cheap in expenditure, and pacific in conduct, was the government of Charles X., which never brought its expenditure up to £40,000,000. It is all true—it is what we predicted eighteen years ago would be the inevitable result of a democratic revolt; it is the consummation we invariably predicted of the transports following the fall of Charles X. The republicans, now so loud in reprobation of the expenditure of the citizen king, forget that his throne was of their own making; that he was a successful democratic usurper; that his power was established to the sound of the shouts of the republicans in all Europe, amidst the smoke of the barricades. A usurping government is necessarily and invariably more costly than a legitimate one; because, having lost the loyalty of the heart, it has no foundation to rest on, but the terrors of the senses, or the seductions of interest. It was for precisely the same reason that William III. in ten years raised the expenditure of Great Britain from £1,800,000 a year, to £6,000,000; and that, in the first twenty years of the English government subsequent to the revolution, the national debt had increased from £600,000 to £54,000,000. When the moral and cheap bond of loyalty is broken, government has no resource but an appeal to the passions or interests of the people. The conven-

* Tacitus.

† Burke's Works.

tion tried an appeal to their republican passions, and they brought on the reign of terror. Napoleon tried an appeal to their military passions, and he brought on the subjugation of France by Europe. Louis Philippe, as the only remaining resource, appealed to their selfish interests, and he induced the revolution of 1848. Mankind cannot escape from the gentle influence of moral obligations, but to fall under the reaction of conquest, the debasement of corruption, or the government of force.

But all these governments, say the republicans, fell, because they departed from the principles of the revolution, and because they became corrupted by power as soon as they had tasted its sweets. But even supposing this were true—supposing that Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe were all overthrown, not because they took the only method left open to them to preserve the senators, but because they departed from the principles of the revolution; do the republicans not see that the very announcement of that fact is the most decisive condemnation of their system of government? Do they expect to find liberals more eloquent than Mirabeau, republicans more energetic than Danton, socialists more ardent than Robespierre, generals more capable than Napoleon, citizen kings more astute than Louis Philippe? Republican power must be committed to some one. Mankind cannot exist an hour without a government; the first act of the infuriated and victorious rabble in the chamber of deputies was to name a provisional one. But if experience has proved that intellect the most powerful, patriotism the most ardent, genius the most transcendent, penetration the most piercing, experience the most extensive, are invariably shipwrecked amidst the temptations and the shoals of newly acquired republican power, do they not see that it is not a form of government adapted for the weakness of humanity; and that if the leaders of revolution are not impelled to destruction by an external and overbearing necessity, they are infallibly seduced into it by the passions which, amidst the novelty of newly acquired power, arise in their own breasts? In either case, a revolution government must terminate in its own destruction—in private sufferings and public disasters; and so it will be with the government of M. Lamartine and that of the new national assembly as it has been with all those which have preceded it.

"Deus patiens," says St. Augustin, "quia aternus."* What an awful commentary on this magnificent text have recent events afforded! Eighteen years ago Louis Philippe forgot his loyalty and broke his oath; the first prince of the blood elevated himself to power by successful treason; he adopted if he did not make a revolution. He sent his lawful monarch into exile; he prevented the placing the crown on the head of his grandson; he forever severed France from its lawful sovereigns. What has been the result of his usurpation? Where are now his enduring projects, his family alliances, his vast army, his consolidated

power? During seventeen years he labored with indefatigable industry and great ability to establish his newly acquired authority, and secure by the confirmation of his own, the perpetual exile of the lawful sovereign of France. Loud and long was the applause at first bestowed by the liberal party in Europe on the usurpation; great was the triumph of the bourgeoisie in every state at seeing a lawful monarch overturned by a well-concerted urban revolt, and the national converted into a prætorian guard, which could dispose of crowns at pleasure. But meanwhile the justice of Heaven neither slumbered nor slept. The means taken by Louis Philippe to consolidate his power, and which were in truth the only ones which remained at his disposal, consummated his ruin. His steady adherence to peace dissatisfied the ardent spirits which sought for war; his firm internal government disconcerted the republicans; his vast internal expenditure drew after it a serious embarrassment of finance. He could not appeal to the loyal feelings of the generous, for he was an usurper; he could not rest on the support of the multitude, for they would have driven the state to ruin; he could not rally the army round his throne, for they would have impelled him into war. Thus he could rest only on the selfish interests; and great was the skill with which he worked on that powerful principle in human affairs. But a government which stands on selfish feelings alone is a castle built on sand; the first wind of adversity levels it with the dust. Napoleon's throne was founded on this principle, for he sacrificed to warlike selfishness; Louis Philippe on the same, for he sacrificed to pacific selfishness. Both have undergone the stern but just law of retribution. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, has been meted out to both. To Napoleon, who had sent so many foreign princes into banishment, and subverted so many gallant states, a defeat in the field, a melancholy exile, and unbefriended death, in a foreign land; to Louis Philippe, who had dethroned his lawful sovereign, and carried the standard of treason into the halls of the Tuileries, the fate which he allotted to Charles X., that of being expelled with still greater ignominy from the same halls, being compelled to eat the bread of the stranger, and see his dynasty expelled from their usurped throne amidst the derision and contempt of mankind.

"If absolute power," says M. De Tocqueville, "shall reëstablish itself in whatever hands, in any of the democratic states of Europe, I have no doubt it will assume a form unknown to our fathers. When the great families and the spirit of clanship prevailed, the individual who had to contend with tyranny never found himself alone, he was supported by his clients, his relations, his friends. But when the estates are divided, and races confounded, where shall we find the spirit of family? What form will remain in the influences of habit among a people changing perpetually, where every act of tyranny will find a precedent in previous disorders, where every crime can be justified by

* "God is patient because eternal."

example; where nothing exists of sufficient antiquity to render its destruction an object of dread, and nothing can be figured so new that men are afraid to engage in it! What resistance would manners afford which have already received so many shocks! What would public opinion do, when twenty persons do not exist bound together by any common tie; when you can no more meet with a man, a family, a body corporate, or a class of society, which could represent or act upon that opinion, where each citizen is equally poor, equally impotent, equally isolated, *and can only oppose his individual weakness to the organized strength of the central government?* To figure anything equal to THE DESPOTISM which would then be established amongst us, we would require to recur not to our own annals; we would be forced to go back to those frightful periods of tyranny, when manners being corrupted, old recollections effaced, habits destroyed, opinions wavering, liberty deprived of its asylum under the laws, men made a sport of the people, and princes wore out the clemency of Heaven rather than the patience of their subjects. They are blind, indeed, who look for democratic equality, in the monarchy of Henry IV. and Louis XIV.* What a commentary on this terrible prophecy have recent events! The revolutionists say that France is entering the last phase of the revolution. It is true, it is entering it; but it is the last phase of punishment to which it is blindly hurrying. The sins of the fathers are about to be visited on the third generation. To talk of real freedom, stable institutions, protected industry, social happiness in such a country, is out of the question. With their own hands, in the first great convulsion, they destroyed all the bulwarks of freedom in the land, and nothing remains to them, after the madness of socialism has run its course, but the equality of despotism. They have thrown off the laws of God and man, and Providence will leave their punishment to their own hands. "The Romans," says Gibbon, "aspired to be equal; they were levelled by the equality of Asiatic bondage."

Amidst so many mournful subjects of contemplation, there is one consideration which forces itself upon the view, of great importance in the present condition of this country. This revolution in France being a revolt of labor against capital, its first principle is a deadly hostility to the principle of free trade. The recent barbarous expulsion of the English laborers from France, several thousands in number, after having enriched the country by their labor, and taught them by their example, proves what sympathy foreign industry meets with from the great and fraternizing republic. The confiscation of their hard-won earnings by the cessation of the savings' banks to pay more than a tenth in cash, shows what they have to expect from the justice and solvency of its government. With the rise of the communist and socialist party in France to power, whose abomination is capital, whose idol is labor, it may with certainty be predicted that the

sternest and most unbending prohibition of British goods will immediately be adopted by the great philanthropic and fraternizing republic. All other countries which follow in any degree the example of the great parent republic, by the popularizing of their institutions, will, from the influence of the labor party, do the same. America already draws nineteen million dollars, or nearly £5,000,000 sterling, from its imports, the greater part of which is a direct tax levied on the industry of this country. Reciprocity, always one-sided, will ere long be absolutely isolated. We shall be,

"Penitus divisos orbe Britannos,"

even more by our policy than our situation.

What chance there is of free-trade doctrines being adopted by the present socialist and free-trade government in France, may be judged of by the following quotation from the *Constitutionnel*:—

Is not, in fact, the consumer, such as the free-traders represent him to us, a strange creation! He is, as he has been wittily described, a fantastic being—a monster who has a mouth and a stomach to consume produce, but who has neither legs to move nor arms to work. We do not fear that the operative classes will suffer themselves to be seduced by those doctrines. We are aware that they have constantly rejected them through the organs of the press more especially charged with the defence of their interests; but it behoves them likewise that the provisional government should remain on its guard against principles which *would be still more disastrous* under existing circumstances. M. Bethmont, the minister of commerce, has declared, in a letter addressed by him to the association for the defence of national labor, that he would never grant facilities of which the consequences would be calculated to injure our manufacturers. We see by this declaration that the dispositions of the provisional government are good. The very inquiry which is now being held to devise means to ameliorate the moral and material condition of the operatives, ought to confirm the government in the necessity of maintaining the system *which protects industry*. Let us inquire what the consequence would be, in fact, if we were so imprudent as to suffer foreign produce to enter France free of duty. Political economy teaches us that wages find their balance in consequence of the competition existing between nations; but they find their equilibrium by falling and not by rising. If that were not the case, there would be no possibility of maintaining the struggle. Now, if we opened our ports, this cruel necessity would become the more imperious for us, as, being placed opposite to England in conditions of inferiority, greater in respect to capital, to the means of transport, and to the price of matters of the first necessity, we could not redeem those disadvantages except by a reduction of wages. This, in fact, would be the annihilation of the operative.—*Constitutionnel*, March 16, 1848.

This is the inevitable result of republican and socialist triumph in the neighboring kingdom, and the impulse given to liberal institutions, and inlet thereby opened to manufacturing jealousy all over the world. Debarred thus from all possibility of reciprocal advantages; shut out forever from the smallest benefit in return, is it expedient for Great Britain to continue any longer her concessions to

* De Tocqueville, *Democratie en Amerique*, ii., 268.

foreign industry, or incur the blasting imputation of a suicidal policy towards her own inhabitants in favor of ungrateful and selfish foreigners, who meet concessions with prohibition, industry taught by savage expulsion from the instructed territory?

"No revolution," says Madame de Stael, "can succeed in any country, unless it is headed by a portion of the higher, and the majority of the middle classes." Recent events have afforded another to the many confirmations which history affords of this important observation. Had the national guard of Paris stood firm, the troops of the line would never have wavered; the government would not have been intimidated; a socialist revolution would have been averted; public credit preserved; the savings bank, the place of deposit of the poor; the public funds, the investment of the middle classes, saved from destruction. When we contemplate the dreadful monetary crisis which has been brought on in France by the revolution; when we behold the Bank of France suspending payments, and all the chief banks of the metropolis rendered bankrupt by the shock; when we behold wealth in ship-loads flying from its menaced shores, and destitution in crowds stalking through its crowded and idle streets, we are struck with horror, and impressed with a deeper sense of thankfulness at the good sense and patriotic spirit of the middle classes in this country, which has so quickly crushed the efforts of the seditious to involve us in similar calamities. No one can doubt, from the simultaneous breaking out of disturbances in London, Glasgow, Manchester, and Edinburgh, immediately after the French Revolution, that the chartists thought the last hour of the British constitution had struck. They have found their mistake. "The unbought loyalty of men—the cheap defence of nations,"—still, thank God! subsists amongst us. The poison of infidelity has not destroyed the moral bonds of society—the rolling-stone of revolution has not crushed the institutions of freedom amongst us. There are hearts to love their country—arms to defend their queen—not less among our civil than our military defenders. The pillage of Glasgow on the first outbreak of the disturbances there, their speedy suppression, by the energy of the inhabitants, has not been lost on the empire. It is not in vain that twenty thousand constables came forward to be enrolled in one day in Glasgow, and eleven thousand in Manchester. We see what we have to expect from the seditious; they see what they have to expect from the middle classes of society, and the whole virtuous part of the lower. With such dispositions in both, Great Britain may be exposed to local disorder, or momentary alarm, but it can never be seriously endangered, or undergo that worst of horrors—a social revolution. Nor will she, with such dispositions in her people, be less prepared to assert the ancient glory of her arms, should circumstances render that alternative necessary. She has no internal reforms to make that she cannot achieve peaceably, by the means which her constitution affords. Her giant strength slumbers, not

sleeps. How soon, in Mr. Canning's noble words, would her ships of war, that now, like sleeping birds of the ocean, reflect their gorgeous plumage in the waves, start into life in new bravery, and awake their dormant thunders!—how soon would the flag of Waterloo again be unfurled to the breeze!

From the Spectator, of 18 March.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE superabundant activity of the provisional government at Paris has drawn upon it a constantly increasing mass of work, and it responds to the exigency by ever-increasing exertion. In every branch of administration it is indefatigable; and whatever may be thought of its judgment, its zealous industry must be admired. Foremost among the great duties of the time is that of preparing for the election of the national assembly. Every effort is made to secure the election of persons devoted to the new régime. The minister of the interior instructs the local commissioners of government to effect a general bouleversement in the personnel of local offices, so as to have none but approved republicans: the provisional government undertakes even to displace municipal bodies where they do not exhibit the right color of opinion. The minister of instruction appoints the primary instructors to be missionaries of republican opinions, and promulgates the doctrine that even education is not to be required as a qualification in candidates. Immense efforts are made to enrol national guards in Paris, in order to influence the election of officers in that body and to swamp the middle-class opinions of the old national guard. These efforts are seconded by political clubs recently called into existence; and by the journals, which strive to deter persons of other than republican opinions from interfering just now in public affairs. Passive obedience is the doctrine generally enforced. Paris used to rule France; some doubt now obtains as to its absolute supremacy, and the ministerial organs seem to apprehend a reaction among the rural population, whom they seek to disparage as ignorant and servile. A vigorous and comprehensive effort to procure the return of a national assembly favorable to a republican form of government is a natural instinct; but the provisional government seems to overlook two things—that it does not become the special champions of liberty to excel an absolute government in the exertions to suppress all opinion except their own; and that the first duty of a provisional government is, not to establish particular institutions, but to refer the whole question of government, political institutions, and social arrangements, to the nation at large. M. Lamartine seems to have been rather startled at these coercive doctrines; which, in the name of the provisional government, he disclaims—with less explicitness than might be wished. But he promises a further manifesto.

A mass of financial difficulties crowd upon the provisional government; met with a resolution and activity that defy overwhelming. M. Garnier-

Pagès has put forth what purports to be a financial statement; but it is not so much a complete report as an ex parte representation in support of certain measures to which the minister resorts for keeping or obtaining that valuable engine of all governments, cash. Retrospectively, it accuses the late government of the most lavish expenditure; continually-increasing money-votes, a still more largely increasing outlay, an enormously increasing addition to the public debt. M. Garnier-Pagès endeavors to show that national bankruptcy was impending, and was only prevented by the revolution. A bold stroke of rhetoric! The late government, indeed, endeavored to postpone the day of reckoning, and would have been obliged to dispose of its immense arrears; but there is nothing to show that it would have been obliged to do worse than augment the national debt, or that it would have ceased to command the ordinary arts and resources of all established governments for maintaining its credit. The finance minister does not vouchsafe any distinct or intelligible account of the actual state of the treasury "till." He discloses vast liabilities inherited from the late government, but does not state the cash in hand; a remarkable omission. His measures seem hardly calculated to restore public credit. He proposes to suspend cash payments at the savings banks except for small sums, to raise a new loan by voluntary contributions, to sell certain lands and jewels forming the public property of the crown, and to reduce the expenditure in official salaries rather by diminishing the number than the individual amount of each. These measures are authorized by decrees, but have yet to be substantiated in results. The signs of success do not appear; the difficulties augment under the effort to meet them. Commerce is panic-stricken; the Bank of France suspends cash payments; great commercial firms fail; others wind up their affairs rather than trust to the vicissitudes of a revolutionary atmosphere. The significant hints put forth by republican writers, against the withholding of capital or the emigration of capitalists, only exasperate the panic.

Ministers are almost suffocated by the hosts of working people who flock to demand "organization of labor." The most eminent missionaries of coöperative doctrines are on the alert to keep M. Louis Blanc and M. Albert at their duty. Agricole Perdiguer, the reformer of the "compagnonnage," is invited to take an active part. "George Sand" contributes her literary exhortations to make an actual beginning in establishing coöperation as a national institution. A delegation of men and masters is sitting under the patronage of the government to deliberate. M. Louis Blanc has startled the earnest and impatient regenerators by a solemn statement of the "difficulties" in the way of abolishing existing methods. Meanwhile the paramount and appalling difficulty, the immediate deficiency of employment, appears without solution. The theoretical movement helps the practical difficulty, by increasing the general unsettlement. The "competitive system" is taking

revenge of its censors by withholding its employments. It looks as if labor would sit down to legislate for itself in hungry idleness.

THE character of the intelligence from Germany is far more hopeful than that from France. A general calmness—not apathy, but an animated self-possession—has succeeded to the first excitement. The people appear everywhere to manifest the same aspirations—for liberal institutions in their own states, and for some kind of popular representation in the national diet. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* professes to favor that idea of an effective federal government; suggests that it will want an army, and therefore a revenue; and proposes to hand over to it the fund of the Zollverein. Suspicious advocacy! The smaller states are greedy for their share of the Zollverein revenues, and perhaps the purpose is to disgust them with the notion of a more complete federal government, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* would seem to advocate. But the character of the movement appears to be far too popular, substantial, and elevated, to be materially influenced by journalism, however adroitly insidious. The German people are evidently of one mind. They know their unanimity. They know that they are needed by their rulers; also that armies are composed of citizens. The royal classes of Germany evince a decided sense that the new movement is not to be trifled with; they make concessions with alacrity, and the tone of political society is changed throughout Prussia—not by force, but a recognition of consentaneous demands. In many states the press is freed; King Frederick William, virtually the head of the German confederation, assents to a general law for a free press—which would force it upon Austria and Hanover. Even Hanover is obliged to listen to new counsels. Already, too, the federal diet has invited popular delegates to aid its deliberations on the general demands. All this has happened in a country that teems with the most cultivated intellect, and probably possesses a greater number of active pens than all Europe put together. "Littera scripta manet:" these acts will be written, and Germany has already recorded steps that cannot be retraced.

FROM Italy too the news is cheering. Short of doing all that is needed, it is better that Austria should do nothing: hence it is satisfactory to note in Lombardy the sullen *status quo* that awaits the tardy course of deliberations at Vienna; the bitter facetiousness that converts the eating of macaroni into a political manifesto; the stern nonintercourse that prefers Genoa velvet to Austrian cloth; the domestic nationality that lisps hatred of Austria in childhood. Every week of this mood curtails the Austrian tenure in Italy by whole cycles. But the startling burst of light reflected on the Austrian mind from Germany may illumine the imperial councils before it is too late. Austria is now invited by a German league as well as an Italian league; and Hungary is unchanged.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 5th April, 1848.

IMPORTANT and startling events, or phenomena, or portents, accumulate so rapidly that the readiest writer, with the amplest leisure, would despair of keeping due pace. Whoever is in the midst of them partakes, moreover, of the excitement and amazement, in a degree to arrest or nearly absorb his faculties. He must refer to the newspapers for the details. In Galignani's Messenger, which I send, are most of the occurrences and documents that may slake the curiosity and guide the judgment of your readers. Your correspondent unavoidably confines himself to the desultory contents of his note-book.

This metropolis heaves still, like the sea immediately after a hurricane, and when the horizon threatens new storms. The revolution ought to be considered as over: not so; disorder prevails in the minds and conduct of all who have been held in any kind of subjection and subordination. The state of affairs is called a peaceable anarchy—peaceable, because everything is yielded which the multitude choose to ask.

The intrinsic weakness of all the monarchies has been conclusively exemplified. For a considerable time past there has been about equal danger for them in refusing and in conceding reforms. An inch being given, an ell was sure to be taken or asked. Every reflecting reader must be struck with the pregnant articles of the London Daily News on the condition and perils of the British government. The same journal designates the house of lords "the true incubus upon the country," and cogently recommends organic reform. The strain in which several of the influential London papers discuss the question of British commotions and changes is abundantly ominous. Since the commencement of history, vicissitudes of fortune so sudden, unexpected, overwhelming and diffusive have never happened within the same period—a few weeks. The London Times recently observed that the middle-classes, or *cits*, of the British metropolis looked with contempt on the Yankees, because the latter have not *royal* idols; courts, nobility and gratry to worship. A modification of this tune may be soon expected.

The whole English old scheme of diplomatic and military action on the continent of Europe is subverted; Austrian power and subserviency vanish for all the wonted purposes. Russia, too, has lost her two instruments, Prussia and Austria; the events in Sweden and Denmark destroy her prepotency in those kingdoms. An alliance, offensive and defensive, between the czar and Great Britain is reported and discussed in the Paris journals. Surely Lord Palmerston will not help to ruin himself, as M. Guizot did, by a foreign policy odious at home.

According to letters in the Journal des Débats, the King of Prussia's manœuvre in pretending to install himself at the head of the German Union projected on all sides meets with ridicule or indignation or clamorous resistance in most quarters.

The Austrian emperor and the new monarch of Bavaria plead the venerable claims of their respective houses; but stentorian cries are heard in the capitals and universities—"What should prevent Germany from confederating *without princes*, as the United States and Switzerland have done so easily and with so much benefit?" Not a single monarch, north of Italy, has shown a masculine or truly regal spirit; not one has proved game; of all of them we read that they blubbered, vacillated and succumbed in dismay. The King of Bavaria says in his address, "I ascend the throne by the will of my father;" another and stronger will impends over his majesty; the Dukes of Modena and Parma and Placentia, so lately flourishing "by the grace of God," are terrified fugitives seeking some charitable sublunary grace; military power, so called, no longer exists on this continent, except in Russia and Spain, for monarchical or domestic purposes. We may augur from the nature of the sanguinary conflicts at Madrid, of which we had authentic tidings on the 2d April, that Spain will not long be an exception. The dictator Narvaez has energy and sway with the troops; yet he must yield to the blasts from beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps; the Iberian peninsula is naturally too well divided, and politically and socially too well seasoned for federal republicanism to escape contagion. The *National*, (organ of a part of the government,) of the 22d inst., observes:—"The Poles will take the dangerous initiative of an attack on Russia; the Germans, *with the French*, will support them. Poland being free, the republican principle will rule from the banks of the Vistula to the ocean which bathes Cadiz." The day before yesterday, a procession of some three hundred Spaniards resident in Paris was ushered into the Hotel de Ville with an address of sympathy for the French republic. Lamartine answered them in very kind terms of course, but he took care to inform them that France did not undertake to impose her institutions, wishes or interests on any other nation. He gave the Polish addressers likewise to understand that the republic would not coöperate even with them in any aggression. The Spaniards on their return sang the hymn of Riego and drew crowds after them, who vociferated *Vive l'Espagne!*

Every morning we undergo a shower of decrees, as well as proclamations and addresses. The transportation of wine, throughout France, from hamlet to hamlet in the country, from street to street in the towns, was exceedingly oppressive and troublesome, and quite unfair for the poor. This evil has been partly rectified by the suppression of the manifold excise called *exercice*. We may expect less of that adulteration which accompanied the old system, and which was more mischievous than the excess of price. An edict of yesterday allots an addition of bread, fresh meat, and salted lard to the seamen in the navy, and provides a committee for the cure of abuses in the choice and distribution of their provisions.

The first indication which I have seen of real spirit in the Paris police department is in a circular

issued, 2nd instant, by the mayor of the capital, to the twelve district mayors, whereby he enjoins it on them to employ the national guards and patrols for the repression of the tumultuous assemblages at night that march with torches, discharge rockets, and p \acute{e} tards, and force the inhabitants of the streets, in every quarter, to illuminate their windows. It has been a sad nuisance. New York has experienced trouble with her anti-renters, but what think you of a convocation of very many thousands of small tenants in a central and populous division of this capital, who compel their landlords to come forth and give them receipts for rent *not paid* and *never to be paid*? The impression seems to be almost universal with the French that revolution dissolves all contracts. Take this instance of lawlessness in the provinces, related in the Lyon's Gazette:—"On the 28th March, a band of workmen entered a private mansion, occupied by ladies, on a domiciliary search for arms. The domestics persuaded them to wait until the next day. In the interval the terrified ladies repaired for help to the prefect of police. He advised them to submit. The band returned, and explored minutely; they exhibited an order and warrant from one of the sixty clubs of Lyons."

Small offerings to the provisional government, in aid of the drained treasury, are numberless, and many of them admirable. Bodies of workmen of every description—all sorts of societies and clubs—and hosts of individuals, with greater or less means, make their "patriotic gifts." The silver forks and spoons, his only plate, bestowed in this way by the Archbishop of Paris, have produced a distinct and lively sensation. Our *Moniteur* teems with the grateful acknowledgments of the government to the charitable deputations. A special committee has been appointed to receive the offerings, and record and publish the names of the donors. Lamennais is the chairman; Beranger, the poet, vice-president thereof. The mayors throughout France invite, by placards and addresses in the journals, every citizen to contribute his mite. On the 1st instant a delegation of the people to the government asked that all persons possessing any revenue should be required to tax themselves according to their substance and their own sense of equity. This would be a new form of income-tax. A manifestation more explicit and formidable occurred yesterday, 3d inst. Early in the morning, placards appeared at every corner convoking the whole people in the Champ de Mars, with the view to *compel* the rich to *sacrifices*, which, said the placard, the law does not, but popular will should, exact. The government conceived alarm; it immediately took measures for an assemblage of the students of all the public schools, the Polytechnic, the Normal, and the Deaf and Dumb included. These marched to the Champ de Mars, where they found a concourse of at least a hundred thousand men, with whom they mingled at once, ingratiated themselves, and after eight hours of communion, prevailed to a good end. The masses were persuaded to a collection for the government among themselves; they

went in mighty procession, fraternally, with their offering, which they augmented by the way, with a contingent levied on the bystanders or spectators. It is emblazoned by the *Moniteur* as a magnificent affair, a glorious day; nevertheless, the facility of the immense convocation inspires distrust greater than the confidence which the result is represented as fit to inspire.

About ten days ago my attention was attracted by a crowd on the Place Vendome, near to the matchless monument. It proved to be a procession of eight hundred needle-women, nearly all young, headed by an officer of the Polytechnic school, who were going to petition the government for work in a national grand *atelier* for the sex alone. Under a heavy shower of rain, and with sorry habiliments, these poor creatures seemed quite gay, as if engaged in a frolic. The next morning, I encountered in the Rue St. Honoré a band of young women, two and two, sauntering—a sort of parade in imitation of the *manifestations* of the workmen, which has often been witnessed since. On the 3d instant it became necessary, as you will see in Galignani's Messenger, to exert force for the dispersion of several hundred of them who were squealing, "Down with Lamartine! down with *Madame Lamartine*!" with whose dispensation of work they had quarrelled. Their leader was a youthful dandy, richly *mustachioed*, and armed with pistols.

The death of M. Guizot's mother, in London, is a circumstance which touches me, because I had often enjoyed, in his hotel, the aged dame's perfect happiness in the seeming transcendent prosperity of her son, and the bright prospects of her three fine grand-children. The chagrin of the sudden reverse, and the fatigue of her flight to England, were too much for her eighty-three years. You can form no idea of the number of afflicting cases of extreme adversity in the circles with whom I had established a pleasant and valuable intercourse during ten successive winters. The whole world to which I belonged—polite, literary, scientific, *artistic*, is broken up;—a part of the individuals, not the greater, are, indeed, yet visible; but how changed in their circumstances, their looks, their spirits, their hopes! They know not how to shape their lives, whither to direct their steps; what is to be their fate, or that of their country. All abstract philosophy, and all the higher studies, must be regarded as under an eclipse, though not a ban or persecution.

The public stocks experienced a terrible depreciation the 3d inst.; among the reasons assigned is the report of a serious misunderstanding between the British and French governments, not at all probable. The vast mob in the Champ de Mars may have operated strongly on the market. The shares of the Bank of France went further down, although its loan of fifty millions of francs, or exchange of that sum for exchequer-bills, does not materially affect its general proportion of specie to paper. The discredit is political. It is calculated still that the silver and gold coin circulating in Europe does not exceed by more than a third the

amount in France. Heavy failures in Rhenish Prussia and several of the large commercial cities of Germany. The new French national discount offices do much business—rather precarious we may conjecture. An ex-aid-de-camp of Louis Philippe, General de Chabannes, protests in the newspapers that his old master had placed no funds abroad, and saved nothing at home. France is utterly incredulous. Some four or five or more years ago, I had occasion to propose to his majesty the purchase of Mr. Dunn's splendid Chinese collection, then in London. Count Montalivet, in various conferences on the subject, always assured me that the king could not afford the sum asked; that the civil list and privy-purse were in a sea of debt. The collection was duly prized, the acquisition of it really desired—a million of francs or even less could not, however, be spared by any possibility. Most of the endless caricatures of Louis Philippe, which divide the gaze of the Parisian, are founded on notions of his stupendous wealth and insatiable avarice. I never believed in the personal avarice; the wealth was a universal persuasion. It may be that the Orleans family, altogether, possessed considerably less than their repute; their share was certainly inordinate, as not earned by labor or correspondent merits—like that of all the royal stocks, the gradual accumulation upon whom was a national wrong and curse.

The list of Paris clubs now extends to two hundred. They have despatched more than five hundred emissaries into the provinces, who are to act upon the people in the elections by universal suffrage for the national assembly. Protests have been numerous signed at Nantz and in some of the large southern cities, against the meeting of this body in Paris, where, it is alleged, there can be no real freedom of discussion and deliberation. A friend of mine, last week, asked Berryer, the prime orator of the French bar and of *legitimacy*, what he thought of the national assembly. "I am thinking," he answered, "whether there will be a national assembly." A portion of the Paris clubs and journals have roundly declared that they will have no such convention without an overwhelming republican majority, and no constitution other than a democracy. The *National*, of the 2d inst., observes, "We know what the urn of universal suffrage will yield, because we are sure of the will of the country—*dans la force même des choses*—by the very force of circumstances. Among these, we may lay considerable stress on the unlimited, unqualified efforts of two departments, or three, of the provisional government, and of the radical committees and clubs to intimidate, baffle, crush, in the provinces, opposition to their candidates, the republicans of the day *before* the revolution—those of the day *after* being proscribed as well as the old conservatives and legitimists, who have not embraced the new gospel." The discord about antecedent and exclusive republicanism prevails far and wide. I shall proceed to translate for you a few paragraphs from a southern paper of much authority, by which you may collect the

sentiments common in the interior, and almost sufficient to warrant an apprehension in many quarters that the provinces may bid defiance to the capital, expel the commissaries put over them by the provisional government, and all its other new functionaries with its laws and innovations, and elect a constituent assembly to sit in one of the large, central provincial cities. This would be civil war; for Paris *would not* abdicate without a desperate struggle.

There are, in France, thirty three millions of inhabitants, of whom very little account is taken, in consequence of the sad system of centralization. Forty thousand *communes* are chained by the *commune* of Paris, and it is this *commune* that has the arrogance to impose now her yoke on France, as she formerly did. It is only necessary to listen a little, and observe what is passing, to know how insolent are the pretensions of this eldest sister of forty thousand others, of which the fraternity is quite despised.

Is it not said, in fact, loud enough for everybody to hear, that if the choice of the provinces for the national assembly is not agreeable to the *commune* of Paris, the representatives will be thrown out of the windows? No despot has ever held more brutal language! Never have any people, ancient or modern, been insulted by some bully who wore a crown, in a more detestable manner!

But this is not all; insult does not suffice this *despotic commune*; it requires *serfs* attached to the soil, and behold them ready to her hand! Ten millions of tax-paying cultivators of the earth, hard working men who till our fields, and who feed the country; patient laborers, who weep and pray over their misery, and who are treated like Helots by fifty thousand workmen—masters of the streets of Paris; *privileged* workmen—dictators—who labor at their own hours, and are supported by the public treasury—which is supplied by the sweat of the workmen of the provinces.

Is this the *republic* prepared for us? It is not such as the nation expects. She is weary of usurpations under whatever name they be disguised. What she wishes is liberty, order, and the economy of her funds.

As we have a thousand pamphlets and loose sheets, broaching every possible theory of government, administration and social existence, so the clubs debate every topic with the vivacity of the national temperament and the passion of the crisis. They deprive, by their stronger attractions, even the favorite theatres of their auditors; the tribune beggars the stage. In the house where Rachel plays and recites the *Marseillaise*, partly on her knees, the proportion of her annual stipend, for the night of Monday last, was about equal to the whole receipts. The manager of the second French theatre, the Odeon, absconded to Brussels. He was charged in the newspapers with having carried off the money-chest. He published in defence, that this being absolutely empty, he thought he might use it for his tattered wardrobe. The Vaudeville is closed. A large female association puzzles the million by its title, *des Vesuviennes*. They are supposed to mean that they will be found *volcanic*, unless the equality, liberty, and law of divorce, which they claim, should be

granted. It must be acknowledged that the clubs indignantly repel, unanimously scout, the least suggestion of executions. An amusing scene is related of a recent meeting of the Central Republican. An orator, of a countenance quite pacific, set out with demanding thirty thousand heads to save the country—(uproar, hisses, bursts of laughter)—he jumped from the tribune and was soon cast from the door. Another took his place, not at all more ferocious in aspect or tone, and exclaimed, "I, too, demand thirty thousand heads"—(another storm)—but he waited and gesticulated in a way to gain a hearing. "You did not catch my idea; God forbid that I should injure a hair on any man's head;—*I am a hatter*; give me the thirty thousand to cover, and my fortune is made, to say nothing of work for the patriots in these hard times." He then threw into the crowd a handful of his cards of business. The joke was abundantly relished.

On the first day of the revolution, when the multitude and the national guards were shouting *reform*, the druggist-boys—*les garçons-pharmaciens*—in the midst, cried "*Vive le Chloroforme*." so they comprehended the example. I was glad to read in the series of resolutions passed on Tuesday, by the club of the Mountain, the following: "That the government be requested to cause all the indecent pictures and statues to be removed from the public localities which are infested and dishonored by them." The royal police was far too indulgent or callous on this head. We may anticipate a hint from the club of artists against the three hundred liberty-trees planted in the open places. They are unsightly in the extreme, and associated with ugly extravaganzas. On Friday last the beautiful weather drew a great many equipages and equestrians to the Champs Elysées. In the centre, at what is called le Rond-Point, a host of *bloused* workmen and gamins had just erected a tree with tawdry flags and faded branches. They formed a compact body across the two causeways, stopped the carriages, opened the doors, put their hats forward, and received *voluntary* contributions. The precipitate return of the *promenaders* on the city-side, when they perceived the process, was an amusing spectacle.

The benediction of the clergy has been established part of the planting-ceremonial. In most instances the priests have performed their task with good grace, and without experiencing the least indignity. At the public fountain, near the royal library, the abbé commanded the mob to kneel while he recited the blessing, and they did so, not a few crossing themselves devoutly. I met, on the 30th ult., in returning from a visit to the editor of the *Moniteur*, a long train, on the quays, of men and women, about fifteen hundred, repairing to the Hotel de Ville, with flags borne by girls dressed in white and with garlands on their hair. They were the functionaries and operatives of the National Tobacco Manufactory. Some of the spectators cried "*Down with the Régie*!" that is, the government monopoly. Writers in the journals

call for this *reform* likewise—free sale, cheap pipes and cigars, and unrestricted culture throughout France equally with the province of Algeria. Thus, the states of Maryland and Kentucky may hope from the revolution what they could well despair of under the monarchy. It seems to me, however, impossible for any government, present or to come, to renounce soon the treasury-profits from the monopoly—twenty millions of dollars. The article must be taxed in one form or other. The announcement to-day that the provisional rulers have sequestered the railroads of Orleans and the centre—that is, undertaken the management—indeed, assumed the property of them—occasions a sensation of fear among large-property or stockholders of every description. The reason assigned in the National is, that the companies were not able to effect the necessary transportation—*assurer le service des transports*. All the new governments and the *modified* are borrowing—regiments have mutinied in various French garrisons, on the principles, Reform, Liberty, and Equality.

Paris, 6th April, 1848.

To the prostration of mercantile and monetary credit we may add the general suspension of productive labor, as a very serious concomitant of the revolution of February. Wherever the violent political changes have occurred on the continent, the same evil must have ensued in a greater or less degree. In this capital, from the morning of the 22d, Tuesday, until that of the Monday or Tuesday following, the shops continued shut, and there was a complete suspension of business. Scarcely anything has been done since; all minds and all hands have been diverted to political emotions and schemes, and social alarms closed nearly ledgers and purses. Most of the great bankers of the continent are winding up; the principal merchants failing; the manufacturers stopping their machinery, and defending themselves against their former dependants. As the cultivators of the soil in this country, in Germany and in Italy, have partaken of the excitement, and fallen as voters into the political cauldron, besides taking a full share in the tumults and wars, we can hardly anticipate plentiful harvests, without calculating on an extraordinary or phenomenal bounty of Providence. American staples must again be in wide request, according to common probabilities; but they cannot be accorded without peculiar caution, and some risk.

There is at least as much likelihood as otherwise of a diffusive war in Europe; for this opinion, I refer you to the manifestations and events in Russia, Germany, Italy, to the language of the British ministers in parliament, and to their preparations, as well as to those of our provisional government. Independently of the impulsion which it experiences in favor of the Poles and the Italians, it may be compelled to regard a conflict beyond the border of France, as the best or only expedient for restoring some order and tranquillity within and establishing some regular government. It must be desirous of employing the troops in a

way to habituate or break them anew to discipline, and to cast from the home-body, politic and social, the swarms of leeches now exhausting all authority and all revenue. The new disposable national guards—the *prolétaires*, were informed the day before yesterday, officially, that they would soon be marched to the frontiers, and the garrisons of the middle and southern provinces (most inclined for mutiny) to the borders of Savoy and Spain. As I have heretofore mentioned to you, the members of the provisional government take every opportunity to disclaim the design or wish of war, or of any interference in the domestic concerns of other nations. Lamartine's answer to the delegation of Irish repealers, part of which I send you, is eminently judicious. He gave them distinctly and emphatically to know that the French government would not *act* in any mode in the Irish question. Switzerland has declared her neutrality, and refused passage to German bands of radical reformers. You will note how many *free corps*, like those which began the Swiss revolution, have sallied, or are about to sally, from France—French zealots and desperadoes, united with Germans, Belgians, Poles, Italians, respectively—embarrassing the provisional government by their enterprises, yet a good riddance for the police and the treasury. We have, among the newspaper items of yesterday, that Savoy had *annexed* herself to France—Sardinia, Tuscany and Rome formed an offensive and defensive alliance against the Austrians—fifty thousand men of the Papal dominions to rendezvous at Bologna for Lombardy—civil war in the Danish monarchy from the Schleswig Holstein-question, which must end in the separation of the duchies—a customs' union between Holland and Belgium; and you cannot fail to remark the proceedings of the convocation at Frankfurt, and the outlines of the national and federal constitution for Germany. The American system must have been impressed on the minds of the committee. Would that we could cause it to be suitably applied or infused in the work of the French national assembly! *Ceteris paribus*, it might serve beneficially in all its principles, and several of its principal arrangements. But things are not alike in national traits and tendencies. When the French politicians who seek information from me, sanguine as to feasibility, express their purpose and confidence, I am reminded of the language which Gouverneur Morris held in July, 1789, in a letter from Paris to William Carmichael.

"Our American example has done them good: but like all novelties, liberty runs away with their discretion, if they have any. They want an American constitution, with the exception of a king instead of a president, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution. Mankind see distant things in a false point of light, and judge more or less favorably than they ought; this is an old observation: another, perhaps as old, but which all are not in the position to feel, is, that we try everything by the standard of preconceived notions; so that there is an impossibility almost, of knowing by description a dis-

tant people or country. Whoever, therefore, desires to apply, in the practical science of government, those forms and rules which prevail and succeed in a foreign country, must fall into the same pedantry with our young scholars, just fresh from the university, who would fain bring everything to the Roman standard."

Venice is, once more, a so-called republic. Mark what the pope uttered in his valedictory blessing to the 12,000 volunteers from Rome to Lombardy. "As head of the church, I am at peace with the universe; as an Italian prince, I have a right to defend our common country." "Live Pius IX!" was the liberty and battle cry in all the cities that cast out the Austrians. The Milanese, on their deliverance, sent him an address as to their inspirer and savior. The Italian clergy have thrown themselves, as his church militant, with the utmost zeal, into every popular effort and danger. Archbishops and bishops carried aloft torches in one hand, and crucifixes in the other, while the Milanese stormed the Austrian works. Among the best designs of the earliest engravings from Italy, exhibited in Paris shop-windows, was the pope, staying with his right hand the impetuous ardor of a Roman volunteer, and having the left clasped in the right of a figure of Christ a little behind. He has dropped the right even against a Catholic power. Intelligent American travellers, just from Italy, tell me that the universal *holy* enthusiasm for national independence has suppressed all the old sectional rivalries and antipathies. The Tuscan government is almost wholly *Italianized*. The martial gallantry of the northern Italians is truly matter of admiration, as well as of some little surprise. Tuscany and Piedmont will gain in contiguous territory, but how the peninsula may be definitively cast in its divisions and constitutions, remains a problem, like the case of Germany. The confidential mission, on which, according to an authorized article in the London Times, the Prince of Prussia (heir presumptive) has visited the Queen of England, is not destined, if real, to be desirably fruitful. Clubs are multiplying in Berlin, *à la mode de Paris*.

The circumstances of the opening of the Prussian diet are narrated in our morning papers. Universal suffrage at the age of twenty-four, universal eligibility at that of thirty, freedom of the press, right of association, are proposed by the monarch himself. The diet assembled in one house, without distinction of orders or classes. It is to frame an electoral machinery for a convention to digest the new constitution. Can the *royalty* stand against an assembly *democratically* chosen? The deputies of Posen (for the diet) did not appear, lest they should be presumed to sanction the idea of a permanent connection with Prussia. The duchy is in serious turmoil from Polish agitation. The *voluntary* diet of Frankfurt separated on the 2d inst, leaving a standing committee of fifty, which, if a national German parliament should not be regularly and fully elected, must convoke one within a month. The Hungarian diet is to

assemble at Pesth-Bude, in the heart of Hungary—more beyond Austrian influence than Presburg! On the 1st inst. Savoy declared herself a republic, with a provisional government. No complaint is preferred against her old sovereign of Sardinia, but she intends to decide her own lot by a convention. The affair must end by an amicable arrangement for her incorporation or confederation with France. A correspondent at Milan, date 31st March, says—"Wonderful change; not an Austrian is to be seen in this capital." The Princess of Belgioso, whom I have often seen in the Paris salons, and sometimes at the soirées of M. Guizot, marched to Milan, at the head of two hundred cavalry, styling herself the Italian *Joan of Arc*—remains of beauty, more than of sexual reputation. A street-concourse of some ten thousand dictators has changed the ministry at Naples, and torn down all the insignia of the Austrian legation. The entire separation of Sicily is deemed inevitable. According to the latest Milan official bulletin, the whole region from the Po to the Tyrolean Alps was in revolt and well armed, and would reduce the Austrian commander Radetsky to capitulate. The customs' line between Sardinia and Lombardy is suppressed. In the advices from Madrid to the 31st ult. are included revolutionary movements at Valencia, Salamanca, and some other cities, which are supposed to have been connected with the abortive one at Madrid. A few of the leaders of the progressist party had fled from that capital, and two of their presses been seized and crushed. The Danish government sends a force of 1500 men to subdue the insurgents of the duchy of Schleswig—the inhabitants of Copenhagen enthusiastically contributed money, and raised a special subscription for a war steamer, fully equipped.

Yesterday, the elections for the colonels of the national guards began in Paris. Four hundred localities were open for the purpose. No absolute disturbances. The *National*, of this day, does not seem quite satisfied with the results. It could not carry at once, with one regiment, its chief favorite and near relative among the candidates. Too many votes were thrown for the gentlemen-republicans of the day after the revolution. It says "You can do nothing with your special or elect national guard—it can be nothing. You must finally depend on the armed mass." This organ, in another article observes—"If the national assembly should proclaim Henry V., or a regency, or a Napoleon, it would be a *revolution*, and a stupid one, instantly to end. A republic is a necessity for the assembly; in every other respect it may be free." The legions of guards are told that if they do not elect radical colonels, they will suffer perilously in public opinion. A request is preferred to the police, to put down without delay the great number of gambling-tables opened within the few weeks past; *lansquené* and *roulette* are absorbing large sums, when the factories stop from pecuniary inanition. The increase of obscene ballads sold and sung is also signalized.

The seizure or sequestration of the two railroads occasions a continued fall in the stocks of all the French roads. It has not been satisfactorily explained by the government. The directors of the two companies have met and resolved on a general meeting of the stockholders, and an urgent demand on the government for a recall of the sequestration. It may be that the measure was indispensable or warrantable; but it has an unlucky effect on the feelings of all capitalists and proprietors. All public funds look, more and more, down. The government undergoes, hourly, a storm of projects of remedy. The schemers insist, at the same time, that it do not cease for a moment, to "direct the regeneration of the world."

M. de Tocqueville has issued a new edition (pretended to be the 12th) of his *Democracy in America*, with a short preface, in which he adverts to his prediction, fifteen years ago, that the advent of democracy was near, irresistible, universal, for the world. He adds—"The institutions of America, which were but a subject of curiosity for monarchical France, should be one of study for republican France. The United States have solved the problem of democratic liberty, by order, stability, universal prosperity; where else can we find such lessons, and such grounds of hope? We need not copy servilely; we must consult our peculiar circumstances: we can borrow principles at least—principles of fixity and tranquillity, of the equipoise of political powers, of true freedom, of profound respect for law—all indispensable."

Arago is appointed minister of war, by a decree dated yesterday. This famous savant is expected to prove another Carnot, whom he resembles, indeed, in his faculties and energies. He administers the navy department, *ad interim*. It is designed to fortify, at once and completely, Brest and Toulon; the state of the exchequer does not admit the full armament of the other principal ports and the colonies; but they are to be fortified "in the second degree." The war department was tendered to General Chaganier; he is said to have professed his readiness to accept it on one condition—a garrison of forty thousand regular troops for Paris. Cavaignac, the governor-general of Algeria, first nominated, declined for reasons which determined the choice of Arago. The turbulence of portions of the army renders his task superlatively arduous. In the month of December last he remarked to me, that from the sensible decline of his health, he believed himself nearer to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise* than any other goal. He may be *revitalized* by the genius of universal emancipation, whose inspirations he has always cherished.

From the 31st ult. to yesterday, the weather has been oppressively warm, and of fine vegetative influence. The groves of the Tuileries underwent an immediate transformation, from naked branches to rich foliage. On Sunday, the myriads of men, women, and children, generally well-dressed, in the garden, reminded the spectators from the *Rivoli* windows of the old displays. Yet the change in the groves and gardens, is not more striking in

plenitude and rapidity than that of the social physiognomy of the capital in general, especially on the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevards. A new race seems to have been let loose suddenly to cover the pavements. A titled conservative whispered to me—"Voilà ce qui est bien décomposé; il faut maintenant tâcher de recoudre." What has been conceded—what promised—cannot be conjured back. Chagrin has already killed a number of aged and distinguished personages. The government is obliged to modify in practice the decree which added forty-five per cent to the direct taxes. No possibility of payment.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

JANE EYRE.—Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., of Boston, have published a handsome edition of this book. We were surprised to see that the work which Messrs. Harpers had issued in pamphlet form for 25 cents, contained so large a quantity of reading.

From Baker & Scribner, New York.

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE THEORIES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, by Lawrence, Pritchard and others. Founded upon Animal Analogies; and an Outline of a new Natural History of Man, founded upon History, Anatomy, Physiology and Human Analogies. By WM. F. VAN AMRINGE.

Of this large and handsome volume we are obliged to confess that we have not yet had time to gain further knowledge than we gather from the title. Hereafter we hope to tell our readers further about it. It has received very great praise from a gentleman whose opinion we highly value.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Geo. L. Craik and Charles McFarlane, assisted by other contributors. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This invaluable work is now completed in four handsome octavo volumes. The successive numbers have been favorably spoken of in our columns, but their fragmentary character, and the frequency of their issue, have made it inconvenient to speak of them at any length. Now that the whole work is before us, we desire, in view of its great importance and value, to speak more distinctly of its unique character. The importance to us, rationally, of a good history of England, cannot be overrated. "To a people of 'movement,' as we are," it has been well observed, "it is all important to have something in their horizon fixed."

This is a good history; as a popular history, the best, we do not hesitate to say, that has yet been written. As intimated in the title-page, its authorship is shared by several. Indeed, the work has been divided into seven departments; and each has been written by one specially skilled in the subject confided to him. This division of labor is the great secret of the extraordinary interest and value of the work. The whole has a perfection which has never before been reached in a historical work. It engaged the several writers employed upon it seven years; and their labors were constant and unwearying. The civil and military transactions have for their historian Mr. McFarlane; the history of reli-

gion, Mr. Thomas Thomson; the constitution, government, and laws, Mr. A. Bisset; national industry, Mr. J. C. Platt; literature, science and the fine arts, Sir Henry Ellis; costumes and furniture, manners and customs, Messrs. Piarce and Thomson; condition of the people, author not named.

The "Pictorial History of England" differs from all others in that it is not a record exclusively, or even mainly, of governmental or kingly acts, but a history—perhaps more properly an exposition—of the institutions of the country, the habits, manners and progress of the people; their local customs and institutions, and religious advancement. Instead of the throne or its occupant engrossing the historian's attention, the people are his theme, and the throne an incidental topic. The illustrations greatly aid the reader, impressing vividly upon the mind events and characters which otherwise might be forgotten or might altogether escape his observation. Most earnestly do we commend this great work to every one who desires to be well informed in the history of England.

OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE; or, Adventures in the Camanche Country, in search of a Gold-mine. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This will probably be quite as successful a work, in the rapidity and extent of its sale, as was "Omoo." In one respect, we apprehend, it is of similar character. Mr. Webber has a knowledge of the localities he describes, and of the customs of the people among whom his stirring scenes are laid. Possibly some of the incidents are "founded on fact," or have had their parallel amid the strange events of border life. But whether the narrative is partly or entirely fictitious, the author has contrived to throw around it such an air of reality, putting in with consummate skill those minor touches of detail which give seeming truthfulness to every story, that it has all the freshness of a veritable history of his adventures, with the additional absorbing interest of romance. Wonderful incidents are narrated with earnestness and rapidity in good keeping with the subject, and the book cannot fail to be universally read.

NEANDER'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Translated by Professors McClintock and Blumenthal. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The object of this work, which has passed to a fourth edition in England, is to counteract the evil effects of Strauss' life of the Redeemer, which aimed at invalidating the extraordinary events in the Saviour's life, on the two grounds of apparent contradictions in the accounts of the Gospels and the alleged impossibility of miracles. Neander takes *substantially* the orthodox view of the life of Jesus, acknowledging him to be the "God-man," and the only ground of salvation, and receiving the New Testament as divinely inspired truth. On some points there is a lack of clearness of definition—the German school of theology sometimes shows itself—but, as the translators in their address to the reader justly observe, the tendency of the whole is so decidedly evangelical and beneficial, that the work will prove a great bulwark against the inroads of an infidel philosophy. It forms a thick octavo volume. On account of its intrinsic and permanent value, we could wish that it had been printed on better paper, and its general typographical execution of a higher character.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.